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A NEW SERIAL STORY BY S. R. CROCKETT BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

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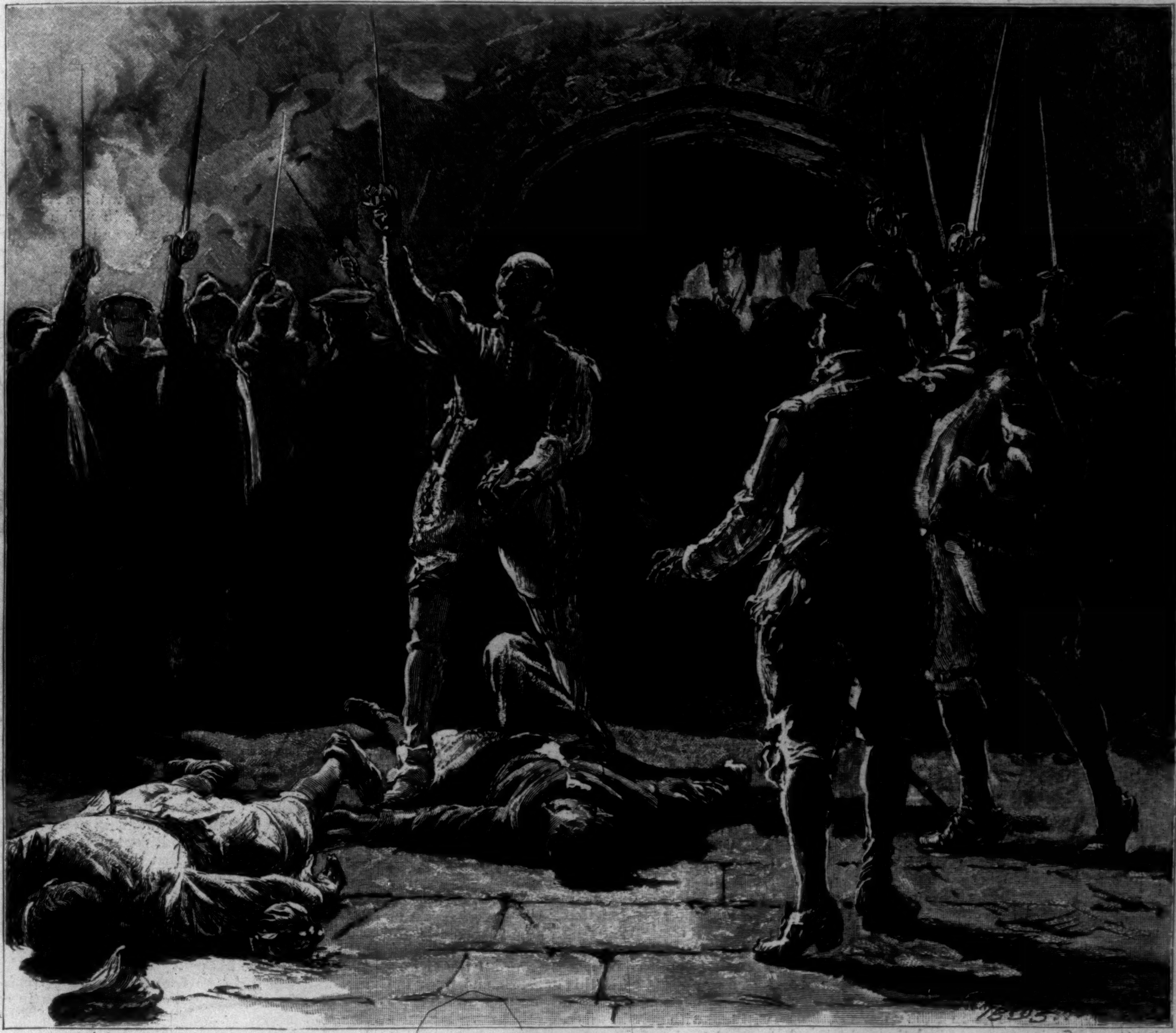

THE GRAY MAN.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE OATH OF SWORDS.

WELL do I mind the first time that ever I was in the heartsome town of Ballantrae. My father seldom went thither, because it was a hold of the Bargany folk, and it was therefore sounder sense to give it the go-by. But it came to pass that it was necessary for my father to go from Kirrieoch on the border of Galloway, where we dwelt high on the moors, to the sea-side of Ballantrae.

My father's sister had married a man named Hew Grier, an indweller in Maybole, who for gear's sake had settled down to his trade of tanner in Ballantrae. It was to his burying that we now went. We had seen him snugly happed up, and the burial supper was over. We were already in a mind to set about returning, when we heard the sound of a great rushing of people hither and thither. Arms were brought from under the thatch, to which the laws of the King had committed them under the late ordinance anent weapons of war. Leathern jackets were donned, and many folk cried "Bargany!" in the streets without knowing why.

My aunt Grisel went out to ask what was the stir, and came in with her face as white as a clout.

"It is the Cassillis folk that are besieging the Castle of Ardstinchar, and they have come near to the taking of it, they say. Oh, what will the folk of Ballantrae do to you, John, if they ken that you are here? They will hang you for a spy, and that without question."

"That," said my father, "is surely impossible. The Ballantrae folk never had any great haul of sense, but yet they will hardly believe that Hew Grier, decent man—him that was your marrow and lies now in his resting grave, poor body—took on himself to die, just that I might come to Ballantrae to spy out the land!"

But my aunt, being easily flustered, would not hearken to him, thinking that all terrible things were possible, and so hid the two of us in the barn loft till it should be the hour of the gloaming.

Then putting a flask of milk into my pocket and giving a noble satchel of cakes to my father, she almost pushed us out of her back door. To this day I remember how the unsteady glare of a red burning filled all the street. And we could see burghers' wives standing at the doors, all looking in the direction of the Castle of Ardstinchar upon its lofty rock. Others set their heads out of the little round "jaw-holes" that were in each gable wall, and gossiped shrilly with their neighbors.

My father and I went down by the river-side, and as soon as we turned Hew-the-Frair's corner, we saw all the noble tower of Ardstinchar flaming to the skies—every window belching fire, and the sparks fleeing upward as before a mighty wind, though it was a stirless night with a moon and stars above.

Down by the water-side and straight before us we saw a post of men, and heard them clank their war-gear as they marched from side to side and looked ever up at the castle on its steep, spitting like a furnace, flaming like a torch. So my father turned us about, for, in spite of what he had said to my aunt Grisel, he had much reason to fear

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TRUTH AND SOBERNESS.

DURING the time which has elapsed since the publication of President **Cleveland**'s Venezuelan message the seriousness of the situation created by that document has put millions of good citizens into a very sober state of mind. At first the defiant assertion of the **Monroe** doctrine in its new shape seemed to carry both Houses of Congress and the whole nation off their feet. It is quite probable that, had not Congress voted the commission asked for by the President without discussion in the heat of the first excitement, it would not now be done without earnest deliberation or with the same unanimity. It hardly required the violent disturbances in values at the stock and the produce exchanges on both sides of the Atlantic—disturbances brought about, not, as has absurdly been said, by mere plots of bear operators, but quite naturally by the shock given to public confidence—to bring out very many and very weighty voices in opposition to the policy laid down in the President's message. And we risk nothing in predicting that the opposition to any policy threatening a warlike issue of the Venezuelan business will increase in volume as well as in weight as the proportion between the prize to be fought for and the dangers to be incurred become clearer to the popular mind.

On the other hand, we must not close our eyes to the fact that to a great many Americans the phrase "**Monroe** doctrine" has a sort of magic charm; that without inquiring into its historic meaning and its applicability to the Venezuela case, they honestly see in it a rule of policy necessary to the maintenance of the national honor and safety; and that it is with them rather a sentiment than a doctrine, all the more seductive as it is vague. The contingency of warlike complications is talked of more lightly in the interior of the country than on the seaboard, for the reason, among others, that people are apt to speak the more unconcernedly about war the farther they are away from the probable scene of the conflict. But on the whole it may be confidently assumed that of those who with honest sincerity approve of the application of the **Monroe** doctrine as interpreted by the President, an overwhelming majority desire with equally honest sincerity a peaceable solution of the unfortunate tangle in which our relations with Great Britain at present find themselves, and will be accessible to every dispassionate and fair argument against dangerous stretches of their sentimental doctrine, and in favor of friendly composition. It is, therefore, most desirable that the discussion of the pending difficulty be carried on with earnestness, but also with that moderation of tone which by avoiding irritation facilitates the acceptance of different opinions.

This is all the more necessary as we have, aside from these well-meaning **Monroe**-doctrinaires, as for the sake of brevity we will call them, other really dangerous elements among our people to deal with, who welcome this international dispute *because* it may lead to a conflict of arms. For many years some of the most vociferous of our Jingoes have been assiduously trying to persuade the American people not only that we must have everything outside of our boundaries that we can lay our hands upon, that foreign nations are constantly seeking to insult us, and should be promptly punished for such attempts, and that unless we are constantly ready and armed to the teeth to repel the hostility of all the world around us, we are in danger of forfeiting our national honor and our very independence, but also that an occasional war is in itself a good thing, and, indeed, a necessary thing to prevent us from losing our manliness, and to stimulate our "patriotism." Preposterous and barbarous as all this must appear to clear-thinking minds among a stalwart and patriotic people like ours, and in the light of our civilization, yet it has not been without influence upon many persons who might be presumed to be more sensible; and these, together with the extreme Jingo incendiaries, will deprecate and work against any settlement of the present difficulties that is to be accomplished without bloodshed.

There are others to whom any peaceable composition will be most unacceptable. We have heard from Tammany Hall. Tammany is boiling over with "patriotism," and its voice is decidedly for war. This is so not only because of the predominance in its ranks of that class of Irishmen who, although having, as American citizens, sworn allegiance to the United States, and to the United States alone, would not scruple to embroil this republic in foreign wars for the supposed benefit of their native country, but also because Tammany knows that in the confusion produced by a foreign conflict, the mask of patriotism is cheap, and the old robber organization will find ample opportunity to resume its business of plunder. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that every schemer for public pillage and every desperate speculator looking for wild chances to repair his fortunes, in short, every scoundrel in the United States who wishes for an opportunity to fish in troubled waters, is for war. Our well-meaning **Monroe**-doctrinaires need, therefore, only to look at the company in which they are, to convince themselves that they have every reason for avoiding with extreme caution everything tending to produce unreasoning excitement, and for doing everything to keep the vicious **Monroe**-doctrine shouters down.

No less instructive a spectacle is presented to them by the present attitude of Congress. When the President's Venezuela message was read to them, both Houses received it with apparently general applause. At any rate, if any one of the politicians sitting there disapproved of it, he had not the courage to say so. Both parties professed to stand behind the President as to his construction and proposed enforcement of the **Monroe** doctrine with enthusiastic unanimity. But no sooner did the financial disturbance naturally caused by so bellicose a demonstration begin to manifest itself than all the selfish interests represented in Congress jumped up to make something out of the public danger for their own advantage. The protectionists seek to use it as an opportunity for re-establishing as much as possible of the high-tariff system, and the silver men will concede no measure of financial relief to the government unless it be coupled with the free coinage of silver—that is, the establishment of the silver standard. These things, together with a disastrous break-down in the money market, have happened at the beginning of the trouble. They give us a mere feeble foretaste of what will happen if the trouble continues much longer; and in this respect it is not to be overlooked that a danger of war hanging long over a country is in demoralizing and disastrous effect second only to the war itself.

From all this our well-meaning **Monroe**-doctrinaire will conclude that it is not the voice of patriotism alone which cries for the application of the doctrine to the Venezuela boundary dispute. He will pray to be delivered from all the vicious influences mixed up in this business, and from the dangers they threaten to bring on the country. He will hail with delight the news that there is a prospect of further diplomatic correspondence on the question, and he will gladly favor any honorable expedient by which not only war itself can be averted, but by which also the paralyzing effects caused by a threatening possibility of war can speedily be stopped.

THE PRESIDENT'S FINANCIAL POLICY.

The special message to Congress by President **Cleveland** on December 20th appeared at a time of great financial and political excitement, and has met with singular neglect. Following, at an interval of only four days, the memorable message which plunged the civilized world into apprehension of a terrible war, it was widely regarded either as a weak effort to mitigate the deplorable effects of this blunder, or as a shrewd political device to turn the prevailing fear to account for the promotion of his own financial policy. But a calm review of its language will convince the thoughtful reader that neither theory is correct. It is a declaration of the principles which have governed Mr. **Cleveland**'s administration from the first, and the critical hour of its appearance only emphasizes its character as a resolute defiance of the enemies of our national integrity and honor. It ought to be potent in restoring confidence and in re-enforcing the public credit, for the panic of the week before Christmas was but an acute outbreak of a disease which has lurked in our social system ever since the **Bland** silver-coinage bill was passed.

The United States government is pledged by its traditions, its legislation, and the interests of its people to maintain the present standard of value in its currency. It has the power to do so, for there has never been a time in its history when the wealth of the nation was so greatly in excess of the possible demands of taxation, or when the patriotic spirit of citizens was a safer reliance for the supply of all the reasonable needs of government; nor is there another nation on earth so strong in these respects, or whose existing debt and current outlays are so light a burden on its prosperity. But the doubt of the thinking world has been, and is, whether the will of the nation, as expressed by its rulers, can be trusted like its power; whether its resources will be used to fulfil its promises. This doubt, inspired and confirmed by a long series of what the President justly calls "dangerous and fatuous financial operations," has cost the nation more in each of the last five years than all its taxes, and is to-day the only real obstacle to its general prosperity.

The form which the danger now takes is the destruction of the standard dollar, in which all existing contracts have been made, and the substitution of another unit of lower and uncertain value. This would result at once from the exhaustion of the gold reserve in the Treasury, which would then be compelled to pay all demands in other legal-tender money not recognized in the world's commerce. But the reserve was falling, when the message in question was written, at a rate which would exhaust it within ten weeks, and the distrust which caused the depletion was increasing. Predictions were freely made that in half that time gold payment must be suspended by the Treasury. No relief could be expected from Congress, whose popular branch, made up mostly of inexperienced men, was half organized, and had no commanding leader, while the Senate was known to be dominated by a faction opposed to the honest payment of public dues.

Under these circumstances Mr. **Cleveland** informs Congress that he will not yield a hair's-breadth of the principles which he has before proclaimed. Questions have been raised as to his power in such an emergency, and as to his courage in the use of it. He tolerates no doubt on either. He calls on Congress to change our financial system, to adopt a policy which will permanently remove the distress and apprehension now prevailing. His meaning is made clear by the recommendations of his annual message, no one of which is withdrawn or varied in the later document. Provide for the funding of all the floating debt of the government, including the greenback notes; and give the Treasury the means, by the use of the credit of the nation, to command the gold necessary to maintain that credit in every contingency. There is not an intelligent man in Christendom who does not know that the adoption of these measures would remove every financial difficulty from our policy, and place the United States in the van of the world as a money power.

But the President goes on to proclaim to Congress and to the country that, whether or not his advice be taken, his policy is immovable. "The real and sensible cure for our recurring troubles can only be effected by a complete change in our financial scheme. Pending that, the Executive branch of the government will not relax its efforts nor abandon its determination to use every means within its reach to maintain before the world American credit, nor will there be any hesitation in exhibiting its confidence in the resources of our country and the constant patriotism of our people." There need be no question, after this, whether Mr. **Cleveland** will yield. He will use every means in his reach to maintain the gold standard. What are those means? The sale of bonds without limit as to price, if necessary, for this purpose. The means are adequate. There will be no fall to a silver basis of currency. Other frights may come, from fear of war, from stringency in the money market consequent on the large sales of bonds or the exports of gold, from threats of injudicious legislation; but until March 4, 1897, the people may rely on every dollar issued by the United States as good for a gold dollar of the present standard. Beyond that day the responsibility will rest with the people themselves, and with the administration and the Congress to be chosen by them in November next. There is no reason to fear the result.

THE YEAR 1895.

The year that has just passed has been especially eventful in the political happenings at home and abroad, and in Asia as well as in Europe.

In this country the fall elections were significant indicators of the strength of the independent vote. The Democrats of Kentucky followed the lead of Secretary Carlisle, whose speeches in behalf of sound money carried the Democratic State Convention against the free-coinage men. The Democratic candidate for Governor, however, was P. Watt Hardin, and the leading Democratic candidate for the succession in the United States Senate to Senator Blackburn was Mr. Blackburn himself. These two discarded the sound-money plank of their party platform, and announced that they were silver men, meaning that they favored the free coinage of silver by this government, independently of other governments, at the ratio of 16 to 1. The consequence was that so many Democrats voted against Hardin that W. O. Bradley, the Republican candidate, a sound-money man, was chosen Governor by a large majority, while the Legislature is in doubt. The "bosses" of the Democratic party were severely punished everywhere. The revolt against Hill in New York continued, and the Republicans carried the State and elected a majority of both Houses of the Legislature. Hill himself urged harmony with the State Democracy, but Murphy and Croker refused to permit it. In Maryland Gorman controlled the Democratic State Convention and nominated Mr. John E. Hurst, a Baltimore merchant of good reputation, for Governor. But the respectable members of the Democratic party made war on him on account of his conduct in the United States Senate on the bill to repeal the Sherman law, and as the friend of the Sugar Trust when the tariff bill came up for consideration. Mr. Hurst was defeated, and Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, a Republican, was elected Governor because the Democrats of Maryland repudiated Gorman. At the same time a Republican Legislature was chosen, and this Legislature will elect a Republican successor to Senator Gibson, Mr. Gorman's colleague and most subservient follower. A Republican will also doubtless be the next Senator from New York, and a Republican will also succeed Senator Brice, the Democratic "boss" of Ohio, who incurred the enmity of decent Democrats by the same offences as those of which Mr. Gorman had been guilty.

In the city of New York a backward step was taken in the reform movement. During the year the Committee of Seventy, which had effected the union of the anti-Tammany forces that had carried the election against Tammany Hall in 1894, dissolved. There was much delay in starting a new anti-Tammany movement in the fall of 1895. Tammany had been greatly encouraged, and the friends of reform had been correspondingly disheartened, by the effect of the vigorous enforcement of the Sunday-closing law, for which President Theodore Roosevelt, of the Police Commission, seemed to be chiefly responsible. The Germans, most of whom had voted against Tammany in 1894, were in revolt. Finally the young men of the Good Government Clubs, anxious to take the lead in the work that had so happily begun a year before, without consulting with the men who had been foremost in the struggle for good municipal government, nominated a ticket of excellent men, who, however, were not well known to their fellow-citizens. The consequence of this was an earnest protest from those who dreaded the return of Tammany to power. At the instance of Dr. Parkhurst a meeting was held at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, and a new committee was formed. This time it was a Committee of Fifty, which was compelled by the tactics of Platt and his energetic lieutenant, Lauterbach, to accept the regular Republicans as allies. A combination was therefore made, which included, with the independent citizens who were represented by the Committee of Fifty, the State Democrats and the Republicans. The German-American Reform Union, under the lead of Hermann Ridder and others, all politicians, supported Tammany. A revolt took place within the organization, but it came too late. What the demagogues called "Roosevelt's assault upon personal liberty" had performed its perfect work, and the Tammany candidates for County Clerk, Register, and the Supreme Court were successful. No change will result from this election in the administration of the affairs of the city, but Tammany is greatly encouraged in anticipation of the municipal struggle that is coming on next year.

The financial situation of the country improved during the year. In the early part of the year gold continued to flow out of the country in alarming amounts, until in February the gold reserve was reduced to $41,000,000, notwithstanding the previous loans effected by the Treasury, amounting to $100,000,000. On the 20th of February the Secretary sold gold bonds to a syndicate of bankers, at the head of which were Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. August Belmont. The syndicate obtained the bonds at the low rate of 104.48, and sold them at 112.25. The bargain was much criticised at the time it was made, but the syndicate agreed to secure a large part of its gold from abroad, and to prevent subsequent exportations. It was this consideration which determined the administration to make the purchase of gold on what seemed to be these hard terms. Moreover, the opportunity was given to Congress to save $16,000,000 on this transaction by reason of an agreement on the part of the syndicate to pay more for the bonds (making them three-per-cent. bonds) if the law were amended so that they would be specifically payable in gold. But Congress refused its consent. As a matter of fact, the contract seemed to be successful. The syndicate kept the price of exchange at just below the exporting-point, and gold did not begin to go out of the country until after the 1st of October, the date on which the contract expired, then it began to go out in enormous quantities. In November more than $16,000,000 went to Europe. The old hostile forces still existed. The currency question was not settled, and the greenbacks might still be employed for the purpose of draining the Treasury of its gold whenever it was profitable to the speculators to send it abroad.

The report of the Secretary, which was published nearly a fortnight after the delivery of the President's message, while urging the views Mr. Carlisle had already and repeatedly expressed, furnished gratifying evidence that the troubles of the Treasury were due not at all to insufficient revenue, but exclusively to the vicious system, or want of system, of the currency. He estimated that the deficiency for the year ending June 30, 1896, would be less than forty per cent. of that for the previous year, and that in the following year it would be replaced by a small surplus. The returns of the Treasury since the report was presented have tended to confirm this conclusion. But, however gratifying this showing may have been to the country at large, it was very disappointing to those members of Congress who chose, against all the evidence, to attribute our financial troubles to the changes in the tariff, and who had prepared bills enacting higher protection, and defended them with the allegation of the urgent need for more revenue. The special message that the President sent to Congress in the week before Christmas, the second special message written that week, enforcing the recommendations of the Secretary, and urging immediate action to protect the Treasury, was of no immediate effect, nor did the best-informed observer think that there would be any favorable action upon the recommendations even by the House. The prospect in the Senate at the end of the year seemed entirely hopeless, that body being entirely given over to the obstructive power of the Senators, who see in any financial strait of the country only the opportunity to force the appreciation of silver by the degradation of the currency.

The year has been rich in opportunities for the Jingoes of the country, and they have not failed to take advantage of them. The chronic Hawaiian question, and the Nicaraguan question arising in April out of the seizure by Great Britain of the custom-house at Corinto for satisfaction of a claim which Nicaragua declined to pay, were represented by them as national grievances. But the most threatening event for the peace of the country that took place during the year came almost at its close, in the form of a special message from the President, delivered on the 17th of December, upon the Venezuelan boundary question. The occasion was the receipt at the State Department of Lord Salisbury's several replies to the considerations urged upon the British government by our own, and having for their object to secure the submission of the dispute to an impartial arbitrator. Lord Salisbury did not in direct terms refuse such a submission. In one communication, however, he gave a history of the British claims from the British point of view with the object of showing that the extreme pretensions of the British government were justified. The other was devoted to a discussion of the Monroe doctrine, in which he represented it as in the main a temporary expedient, adopted by the United States, with the assent and support of Great Britain, to resist the projects of the Holy Alliance. He declined to regard it as a fixed article of international law, upon the ground that it had not received the concurrence of the European nations. Upon this the President sent to Congress a special message in which he recited the history of the controversy, and recommended the appointment of a commission on the part of the United States to ascertain and report the true boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. This would not in itself have given immediate or general alarm. It was rather the form than the substance of the message that disquieted people on both sides of the Atlantic, and in this many found occasion to deplore the loss of the former Secretary of State, Walter Q. Gresham, who had died on May 28th, and was succeeded on June 7th by Attorney-General Olney, the Attorney-Generalship being filled by the appointment of Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati. In calling for the appointment of the commission the President observed that he was "fully alive to the responsibility" of the step he had taken, and that he "keenly realized all its consequences," but he added that "there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice." The House of Representatives passed, the next day, after a very brief debate, the bill suggested by the President, and the Senate followed almost at once. It is doubtful whether the President so "keenly realized all the consequences" that would result from his message as he had thought and said that he did. One of them was a rapid and alarming decline in London of the price not only of American government securities, but of all American securities, followed, and, indeed, almost accompanied, by a like decline upon the New York Stock Exchange. It followed that when the President sent in, three days later than what was at the time called his "war message," the financial message that has already been mentioned, the message found the money market in a state of disturbance almost amounting to panic. The disturbance was gradually composed, but the injury that had in the mean time been done to investors as well as to speculators was not to be repaired, nor did the market for securities recover, during what remained of the year, from the shock it had undergone. The incident will not be closed until after the report of the commission, but it has served to demonstrate very clearly that the Monroe doctrine, whatever may be its standing in international law, is accepted as a rule of action by almost the whole American people, who would resent and resist any substantial infringement of it in either North or South America.

The most interesting and vital foreign news has come from the East. The Chinese-Japanese war was ended early in the year. The Chinese fleet and navy were practically destroyed at Wei-hai-wei on the 12th of February, and Li Hung Chang was invested with power to conclude peace on the 5th of March. After various failures, the treaty was made and signed in May. The independence of Corea under Japanese tutelage was guaranteed, and after fining China heavily, Japan insisted on occupying the Leao-tong Peninsula. But Russia here forced herself into the negotiations, and, backed by France and Germany, insisted that Japan should not take the territory from China. Under this pressure the conquering nation yielded, and consented to abandon the peninsula in consideration of an increase of her indemnity by $50,000,000. In the mean time anarchy seemed to reign in parts of China, and a number of British missionaries were killed and one American missionary was injured by a sect of fanatics known as the Vegetarians. Our own and the British government demanded redress, and some, if not all, of the officials responsible for the outrages were executed.

Suddenly the point of interest shifted from the Pacific coast to the Dardanelles. In September came the report of the massacre of Armenians by Kurds, and the news of additional murders was afterwards received at intervals. The Christians of Asia Minor were at the mercy of the enraged Mussulmans, who were expressing in their brutal way not only their enmity to the Christians, but their dissatisfaction with Abdul-Hamid, their Sultan. The powers intervened. At first Russia naturally protested in behalf of her Christian wards. Perhaps Russia was at the bottom of the trouble. Great Britain and France also intervened. The Berlin treaty powers were appealed to, and a great fleet gathered at the mouth of the Dardanelles. The Sultan promised reforms, but he gained a point against the ambassadors in the naming of the commission to take charge of the matter in Asia Minor. The ambassadors had asked for the appointment of a Christian as the head of the commission, but the Sultan succeeded in persuading them to withdraw that point. The Sultan gave every sign of abject terror, and he had reason to be afraid for his throne, if not for his life. The Mussulmans were apparently ready to resent the interference of Europe by a religious war, and the Sultan begged the powers for leniency. He even went so far as to write to Lord Salisbury, urging him to make a speech and declare that he should have an opportunity to carry out his promised reforms. A British and an Italian war-ship, in obedience to the demand of the powers, were allowed to steam up to Constantinople abreast—a spectacle calculated to irritate France and Russia quite as much as to humiliate the Sultan, and much more than to reassure the Oriental Christians. But it was quite plain, even before the Venezuelan question assumed a threatening aspect, that the mutual jealousy of the powers would prevent any measures of relief. Shortly after the Sultan had been driven to consent to the passage of the Dardanelles by the foreign men-of-war fresh outrages were reported. In particular there were irreconcilable accounts of the siege of Zeitun by the Turks, the last being that the place had been taken, and the capture followed by a massacre. The one thing that is clear is that the persecuted Christians have derived no benefit from the interference of the powers.

In France, President Casimir-Perier resigned on January 15, and President Faure was elected as his successor two days later. Later in the year the socialists won a victory in the Chamber of Deputies, and the government was changed.

The socialistic movement seems to have grown in Germany, where the government bill for its suppression was rejected by the Reichstag in May.

In Great Britain Lord Rosebery and his government resigned on June 22, and Lord Salisbury became Premier June 28. Parliament was dissolved, and at the general election that followed the Conservatives won a great victory.

Stambuloff, sometimes known as the Bismarck of Bulgaria, was assassinated July 15th.

Nihilists were not very active in Europe during the year. In Russia they blew up the barracks at Taola, for which 900 arrests were made, and the French consulate at Ancona, in Italy, was attacked. An anarchist named Bouteilhe attempted the life of one of the Rothschilds in Paris by sending a bomb to the banking-house, the result being the wounding of Baron Alphonse Rothschild's private secretary, Jacobowski.

Among the dead of the year, besides Secretary Gresham and Stambuloff, are Alexandre Dumas fils; Professor Boyesen; Professors Huxley and Dana; ex-President Seelye, of Amherst; Rear-Admiral Almy; Lord Randolph Churchill; M. de Giers, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. A. L. Loomis; Judge E. Rockwood Hoar; Dr. William Taylor; Isaac Pusey Gray, United States minister to Mexico; Frederick Douglass; Hugh McCulloch; Emily Faithfull; Rev. Arthur Brooks; Alexander H. Rice, once Governor of Massachusetts, and a member of Congress; Richard M. Hunt, the architect; and Baron von Tauchnitz and H. O. Houghton, publishers.

(Continued from front page.)

for his neck. For if, on a night of a Cassillis raid, one of the hated faction should be found in the town of Ballantrae, little doubt there was but that a long tow and a short shrift would be his fate.

We climbed the breast of the brae up from the waterside, intending to make a detour behind the castle. My father said that it would be easy crossing at Heronford, where he knew a decent man that was of his party. There we could make up the glen of the Tigg Water, which in the evil state of the country was as good and quiet a way back to Minnochside as one might hope to find.

It was a pitiful sight to me, that was but a young lad and had never seen a fire bigger than a screed of muir-burn screeving across the hills with a following wind at its tail, to see the noble house with all its wealth of plenishing and gear burned up.

I said as much to my father, who swung along with his head bent to the hill slope, dragging my arm oftentimes almost from the socket in his haste to get us out of such unwholesome company as the angry folk of Ballantrae.

"It is an enemy's house!" he said, very hastily.

"But what harm have the Bargany folk done to us?" I asked, for this thing seemed strange to me—that Kennedy should strive with Kennedy, burn castle, kill man, harry mow and manger, drive cattle—and I never could make out what it was all for.

"Hold your breath, Launcelot Kennedy!" said my father, testy with shortness of breath going up hill, "or you will find out for what! Is it not enough that you are born to love Cassillis and to hate Bargany?"

"Are the folk of Cassillis, then, so much better than the folk of Bargany?" I asked, taking what I well knew to be the chance of an answer or of a ring on the side of the head.

It was not the answer I got.

And, indeed, it was an ill time for query and question, or the answering of them. In time we got to the angle of the castle, and there we were somewhat sheltered from the fierce heat and the glare of light. From the eminence we had gained we could look away along the shore side. My father pointed with his finger.

"Boy, do you see yon?" he whispered.

I looked long and eagerly with my unaccustomed eyes before I saw in the pale moonlight a dark train of horsemen that rode northward. Their line wimpled like a serpent, being pricked out to our sight with little twinkles of fire, which I took to be the moon shining on their armor and the points of their spears.

"See," said my father, "yonder goes our Earl with the spoil. Would that I were by his side! Why do I live so far among the hills and out of the call of my chief?"

We looked all round the castle, and seeing no one, we made shift to get about it and darn ourselves among the heather of the hill-side. But even as we passed the angle and came to a broken part of the wall there was a trampling of iron-shod hoofs, and a troop of horsemen rode up to the main castle gate, which looks to the northwest. It was all we could do to clamber over the broken wall, my father lifting me in his arms. There we lay flat and silent behind a pile of stones, just where the breach had been made, over which we could look into the court-yard and see the splotched causeway and the bodies of the dead lying here and there athwart it.

Just as the foremost horseman came to the gate, which the riders of Cassillis had left open, the roof of red tile fell in with an awesome crash. The flames again sprang high and the sparks soared. All the court-yard was aglow with the red leme which the skies gave back, while the moon and stars paled and went out.

"Hist!" whispered my father; "this is young Bargany himself who comes first."

I looked eagerly from behind a stone and saw a noble figure of a young man on a black horse, sitting framed in the dark of the doorway, the flames making a crimson flicker about him. After a moment's pause he rode within the deserted close, and there sat his horse, looking up sternly and silently at the leaping flames and hearkening to the crackling of the timbers.

Then another and another horseman came riding within, some of whom my father knew.

"See you, Launce, and remember," he whispered, "that is Thomas Kennedy of Drummurchie, Bargany's brother. Observe his fangs of the wolf. He of all the crew is the wickedest and the worst."

I looked forth and saw a gaunt, dark youth, with a short upper lip that was drawn up from teeth that shone white in the leaping flame which harvested the goodly gear of the house of Ardstinchar.

"There is Blairquhan the Simpleton, and Cloncaird of the Black Heart, and Bennan the Laird's brother—a very debauched man—and there, I declare, is my Lord Ochiltree. I wonder what does he here riding with the Barganys?"

As soon as the fire had died down a little some of the party began to search about among the defences and outhouses, and even entered into the inner part of the tower. In twos and threes they came forth, some bringing a wounded man, some a dead man, till on the cool, gray stones of the court there were five that lay motionless on their backs and two that moaned and were still. The more lightly wounded were cared for in a chamber within the gate. Then all the gentlemen of the Bargany side dismounted from their horses and stood about those that were killed.

"Alas for young Girvanmains!" I heard one say. "What shall we say to his father? And Walter Pollock, the cunning scrivener; and James Dalrymple, that was a kindly little man and never harmed any man—the Lord do so to me and more also, if I write not this impression and killing in blood upon the walls of Cassillis!"

The crowd thinned a little, and I saw it was the Laird himself that spoke.

Then young Bargany, who was taller by a head than any there, called for room. So they made a ring, with the dead bodies in the midst, and Bargany standing a little before. He bent over the body of Walter Pollock, the young clerk, and drew a book from his breast.

"Listen!" he cried, "all you that love Bargany, and now behold this deed of dule and cruelty. Here are our dead. Here is the Book of Life that I took from one of the servants of peace, cruelly bereft of life by our enemies!"

"I warrant he drew a good sword when it came to fighting, clerk though he might be," whispered my father. "I know the Pollock breed."

Bargany looked at the book in his hand and again at the hand which had held it.

"This falls out well," he said. "In the presence of our dead, upon the Bible that is wet with the blood of the unjustly slain, let us band ourselves together and take oath to be avenged upon the cruel house—the house of overtrampling pride—the house that has ever wrought us woe. Will ye swear?"

He looked round the ring of faces that were fierce and dark in the lowe of the furnace beyond. As he did so he unsheathed his sword, and pointed with it to the topmost pinnacles of Ardstinchar. In a moment there was a ring of steel about him, for, quick as his own, every man's hand went out to his scabbard, and in every man's grip there was a bare blade. And the sight thrilled me to see it more than all the religion I had ever been taught, for I was but a boy. And even though religion be learned in youth, the strength and the use of it come after.

Thus Bargany stood with the brand in his right hand and the Bible in his left, to take, as was the ancient custom, the solemn oath of vengeance and enmity. And thus he spake:

"By this Holy Book and the blood upon it, I, Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany, swear never to satisfy the just feud against the bloody house of Cassillis till of all their defenced towers there stands not one stone in its place, remains not one scion of its cruel race. I who stand here, in the presence of these dead men of my folk, charge them with the blood of my kin, the spoiling of my vassals, and the heart-breaking of my father. In the name of God I swear! If I stay and make not an end, the God of Battles do so to me and more also!"

Gilbert Kennedy kissed the book which he held in his left hand, and with sudden gesture of hatred he flung down the sword which he had held aloft in his right. It fell with a ringing dirl of iron upon the stones of the pavement beside the slain men, and the sound of its fall made the flesh creep on my bones.

Then the Laird's wicked brother Thomas, called the Wolf of Drummurchie, came forward, the hatred fairly sparkling in his eyes, and his teeth set in a girn of anger.

"I swear," he cried, "to harry John of Cassillis, the enemy that has wrought us this woe, with fire and sword—to cut off him and his with dagger, to light the thack, and to lift the cattle. I will be an outlaw man, a prey for the hunters for their sake—for they it was who first slandered me to the King, chased me from my home, and made me a robber man on the mountains."

And in turn he kissed the book, and his sword rang on the pavement beside his brother's. So one by one the men of Bargany took the solemn band of eternal and bloody feud. Presently an old man stood forth. He held a spear in his hand, being but a tenant vassal and keeping to the ancient Scots weapon.

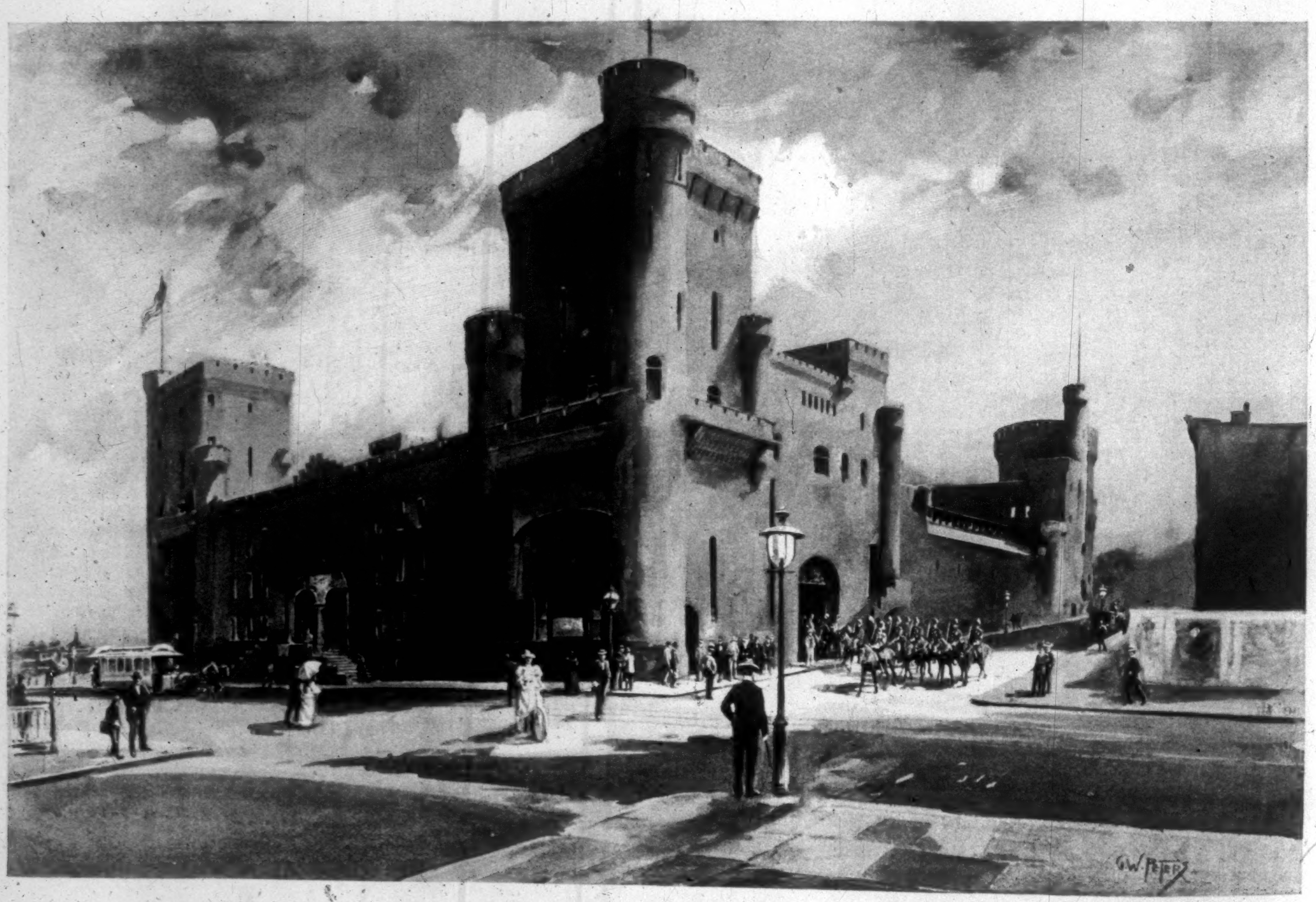
"By the blood of my son that lies here before me, by the spear that he held in his dying hand, I, that am but the poor gentleman of Girvanmains, before death takes me to where all vengeance is Another's, I swear the vengeance of blood!"

And he cast the spear beside the swords of the gentlemen. Then issuing forth from the chamber over the gate, and leaning upon the arm of a young page-boy, there came the strangest shape of a man—his countenance thrawed and drawn, his shrunk shanks twisted, his feet wambling one over another like those of a bear. Bowed double the man was, and walked with a staff that tapped and rattled tremblingly on the pavement as he came. The men turned at the sound, for there was silence among them after old Girvanmains had let his spear fall.

Like one risen from the dead, he looked up at the tower that was now begun to show black against the dulling red glow of the dying fire.

"Thou, tower of Ardstinchar!" he cried, lifting up a voice like the wind whistling through scrannel pipes, "they have burned you that burned me. Curse me Cassillis and the Lord of it! Curse me all that cleave to it, for their tender mercies are cruel! I, Allan Stewart, Abbot of Crossraguel, lay my curse bitterly upon them for the cruel burning they gave me before their fire in the Black Vault of Dunure. But bless me the House of Bargany, that rescued me from torture and took me to their strong tower, so that I have to this day found a quiet abiding-chamber!"

(Continued on page 5.)



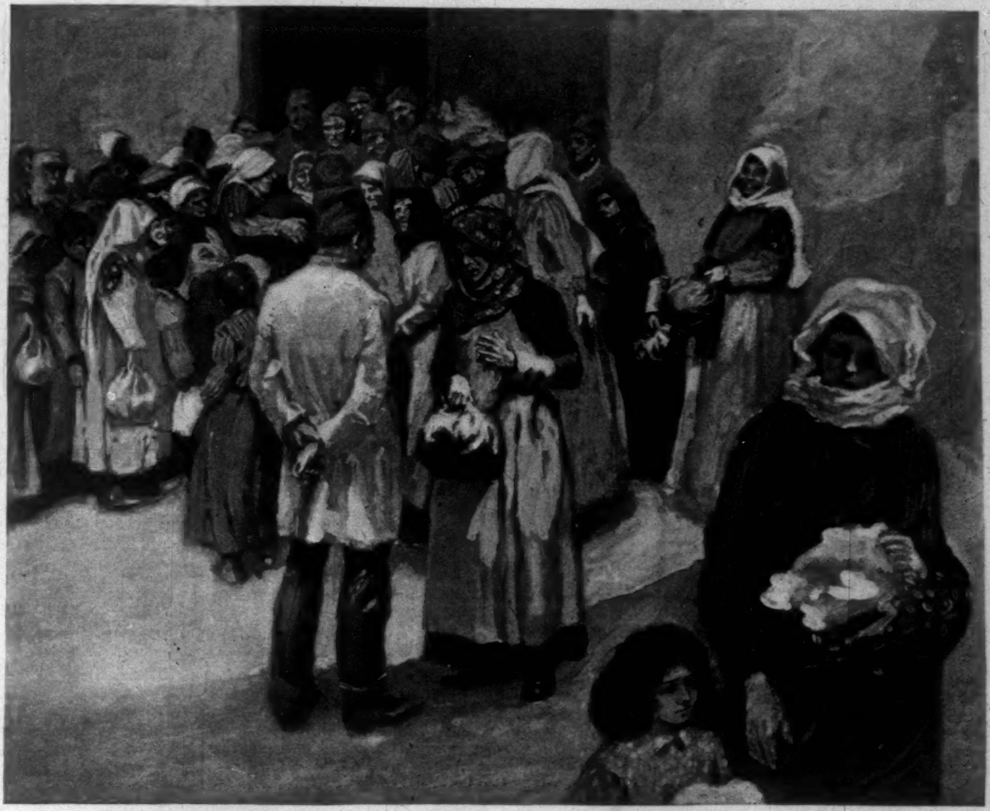
THE NEW ARMORY FOR SQUADRON A, N. G. N. Y.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

MR. JOHN HARE.

Taking into view the thorough and affectionate acquaintance with Mr. John Hare's personality on his native stage, made by that large section of the American public who know theatrical London almost as intimately as theatrical New York, it is somewhat curious that the distinguished English comedian's first visit to this country has come no earlier than now. We had almost thought Mr. Hare long ago "one of us" by such a visit. Let us, however, borrow Mrs. Quickly's words, and shaking his hand cordially, tell him that "Blessing of your good heart, so you are!" Of his welcome from those who are familiar with his varied, delicate, refined art there could be no scanting. The American theatre-goer, to whom he has been hitherto only a particular name in British theatrical successes during some thirty years, will be quick in his applause of the masterly delineator of elderly men, of old men, of men plebeian or aristocratic, eccentric or every-day, bad or good, respectable or rascally men, but in each instance past middle years. These special types in such plentiful variants Mr. Hare has made vivid as only half a dozen actors in the world to-day can make them. His brilliant career of success at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Court, the St. James's, and the Garrick, in London, his many remarkable tourings around and about the United Kingdom, his high honors from royalty, and, better even than these good things, Mr. Hare's affectionate intrenchment in the heart of the British public, are all associated with the depicting of relatively old age. His genius seized on this line of expression promptly very long before his own years hinted at such impersonations. In fact, this is not now his case. Mr. Hare is not even a sexagenarian yet. He seems to have sprung toward his specialties equipped for them with an insight and a skill perfect for them, at a time of his life when most men would have scorned any rôles not allied to that of a *jeune premier*. The result has justified his choice. The peers and rivals of this charming London actor and modest gentleman for a long time have been only such men as Got and Jefferson and Stoddart. He is one of the exceptional *vieux premiers*, so to say, of our theatrical epoch, presenting the finest French art in English conditions.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Hare's present visit may not enable him to offer his American audiences any satisfactory part of his large repertory. It is announced that he will limit himself to appearing as The Duke of St. Olpherts, in Mr. Pinero's *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, in which he made his New York début last week, and as Benjamin Goldfinch, in *A Pair of Spectacles*, the well-known English version of *Les Petits Oiseaux* of Labiche and Delacour. The first-named is a repulsive rôle (though one worked up by Mr. Hare into consummate art) in a much worse than repulsive play. The other is as grateful and welcome an impersonation and piece as possible; and it will be of interest to contrast Mr. Hare's masterly delineation in it with Mr. Stoddart's of some seasons ago.

E. I. S.



THE RELIEF BUREAU AT VAN—ARMENIAN REFUGEES WAITING FOR WORK.

[See "This Busy World," Page 18.]

(*Continued from page 4.*)

"Mark well, boy," whispered my father, "remember this to tell it in after-days to your children's children. Your eyes have seen the Abbot of Crossraguel, whom the King of Carrick, the father of our Earl John, roasted quick in the vault of Dunure, a deed which has wrought mickle woe, and will yet work more."

And even as my father spoke I saw the old cripple hirple away, the young Laird himself helping with the kindliest courtesy.

Then last of all that spake their came a voice from one who stood in the gloomy archway of the gate, at the entering in of the court-yard. He that spoke was a tall man who sat on a gray horse, and was clad from head to foot in a cloak of gray, having his face shaded with a high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of the ancient fashion.

"Give me the Book and I also will swear an oath!" he said, in a voice which made all turn towards him.

"Who may that man be? I know him not," said my father, for he had named all the others as they came within.

So one gave him the blood-stained Bible, and he held it in his hand a moment. He was silent a space before he spoke.

"By this Christian book and among this Christian people," he said, "I swear to root out and slay utterly all the House of Cassillis and Culzean, pursuing them, man, woman, and child, with fire and sword till they die the death of pain and scorn, or I who swear shall die in the accomplishing of it."

The unknown paused at the end of this terrible oath, and gazed again at the Book. The dying fire flared up for a chance moment as another rafter caught fire.

"Fauch," said he of the gray cloak, looking at the Bible in his hand, "there is blood upon thee. Go thou to the fire as the seal of our oaths. A bloody Bible is no Christian book!"

And with that he threw the Bible into the red embers that glowed sullenly within the tower.

There came a cry of horror from all that saw, for though in this dark land of Carrick deeds of blood were done every day, this was rank blasphemy and ungodly sacrilege. But I was not prepared for its effect upon my father. He trembled in all his limbs, and I felt the stones shake upon which he leaned breast-high, careless who should see him.

"This is fair devil's work," he muttered. "The fires of Sodom, the brimstone of Gomorrah, shall light upon us all."

He would have said more, but I never heard him finish his words. Sudden as a springing deer, he tore from the covert of the wall by my side and bounded across the court, threading the surprised group and overleaping the swords of the slain men. He disappeared in a moment through the door into the tower, within which the flame still glowed red, and from which every moment the crash of falling timber and the leaping flame answered each other.

Ere my father leaped back his figure stood plain and dark against the fire within like a smith at his forge, seen in the bygoing upon a snowy night. He held the unburned Bible clasped to his breast, but his left hand hung by his side.

A moment after he had sprung from a window and fallen upon his face on the pavement with the Bible beneath him.

A dozen men sprang towards him and seized him, Thomas of Drummurchie the first among them.

"A traitor! A spy!" he cried, lifting a sword from the pile with clear purpose to kill. "To the death with him! It is John Kennedy of Kirrieoch—a rank Cassillis chief!"

And he would have slain him forthwith but that I ran among his legs and gripped him so close to me that he fell on the pavement. Then I went and took my father's hand, standing by his side, crying out the while:

"Ye shallna, ye shallna kill my faither! He never did ye harm a' the days o' his life!"

"Who are you, and what do you here?" asked young Bargany in a voice of command, when they had set my father on his feet.

"I am John Kennedy of Kirrieoch on Minnochside, and I came to Ballantrae to bury the corpse of my sister's man, Hew Grier, that was this day laid in the earth."

So, right quietly and calmly, my father spoke among them all.

"But what do you in my burned castle of Ardstinchar and alone with these dead men?" asked the young Bargany.

With a quietness that came of the hills my father told him his plain tale, and his words were not words that man can gainsay.

Then Bargany answered him without consulting the others, as none but a great chief does whose word is life or death.

"Ye are here in my castle, and had I been as your folk of Cassillis, ye should have died the death; but because ye stopped devil's work, and, it may be, kept away a curse from us for burning of the Holy Book, ye shall not die in my house. Take your life and your son's life, as a gift from Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany."

My father bowed his head and thanked his house's enemy.

"Bring a horse!" cried the Laird, and immediately he set my father on a beast, and me in the saddle before him. "Put the Bible in your winnock sole, turn out the steed on Minnochside, and come no more to Ballantrae in time of feud, lest a worse thing befall you!" he said, and waved us away, as I thought grandly.

Some of the men that had sworn enmity murmured behind him.

"Silence!" he cried, "am I not Lord of Bargany? Shall I not do as I will? Take your life, Kirrieoch. And whenever a Bargany rides by your door, ye shall give him bite and sup for the favor that is this night shown you in the court-yard of Ardstinchar."

"Ye shall get that, Bargany, and welcome, whether ye let me gang or no!" said my father, and pressing the Book to his bosom, and gathering up the reins in his unwounded hand, we rode unquestioned through the arch of the wall into the silence of the night. And the hill winds and the stillnesses were like God's blessing about us.

But from a knoll on the left of the entrance the man of the gray habit, he who had thrown the Bible, sat silent upon his horse and watched, and as we looked back, he still sat and watched. Him my father took to have been the devil, as he said to me many times that night ere we got to Minnochside.

Also ere we left the pavement behind, looking out from the postern door we saw the thrawn visage of him who had been Allan Stewart, the tortured residue of that which had once been Abbot of Crossraguel, and in stature like a square-shouldered tower.

And this is the way my father brought home the burnt Bible to the house of Kirrieoch. There it bides to this day, blackened as to its bindings and charred at the edges, safe in the wall-press at my father's bed-head, a famous book in all the land, even as far as Glencaird and Dranie Manors upon the Water of Trool.

But it brought good fortune with it—a fortune which still remains and grows. And as for my father, he never lifted sword or spear against the House of Bargany from that day to this, because of the usage that Gilbert Kennedy gave him that night in the burning of Ardstinchar.

Nevertheless, for all that, he exercised me tightly in the use of every weapon of war, from the skill of the bow to the shooting of the hackbut, for it was his constant intent to make me an esquire in the service of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, reputed the wisest man and the best in all the parts of Carrick and Ayr. As, indeed, I have found him.

And this saving of the burning Bible was, as I guess, the beginning of my respect for religion, which, alas! I fear this chronicle will show to have been both a late-garnered and a thin-sown crop.

CHAPTER II.

THE LASS OF THE WHITE TOWER.

Now, as the manner is, I must make haste to tell something of myself and have by with it.

My name is Launcelot Kennedy, and I am the teller of this tale. In a country where all are Kennedys, friends and foes alike, this name of mine is no great headmark. So "Launcelot of the Spurs" I am called, or by those who would taunt me, Launcelot Spurheel. But I come of a decent muirland house, the Kennedys of Kirrieoch, who were ever lovers of the Cassillis blue and gold, which are the royal colors of France, in memory of the ancient alliance, and ever haters of the red and white of Bargany, that we hold no better than butcher's colors, bloody and desolate.

The story, or at least my own part in it, properly begins upon the night of the fair at Maybole, whither I had gone without troubling my master, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, with the matter of asking for his permission. Indeed, none knew that I had been to the town of Maybole save Helen Kennedy alone, and she, although I called her Light-head, Clatter-tongue, would not in any wise tell tales upon me. There at the fair I spent all my silver buying of trittle-trattles at the lucky-booths and the market-stalls. And upon my return I meant to divide fairly with Helen Kennedy, though she was fully two years younger than I—indeed, only sixteen years of age, though long of the leg and a good runner.

So, being advised of my excellent intentions, you shall judge if I was not justified of all that I did to the girl afterwards.

It was the early morning of a March day when I came to the foot of the Castle of Culzean. I went with quiet steps along the shore, by the little path that leads to the coves beneath. I carried the things that I had bought in a napkin, all tied safely together. Now the towers of Culzean are builded upon a cliff, steep and perilous, overlooking the sea. And I, being but a squire, though for my age strong and bold, and not to be beaten by anything or feared by any one, was lodged high up in the White Tower, which rises from the extremest point of the rock.

Now, as I say, I had not made mention of the little matter of my going abroad to Sir Thomas, because it was unnecessary to trouble him with such a small matter, and also because of the strictness of his opinions. It was, therefore, the more requisite that I should regain my chamber without putting lazy Gilbert in the watch-house on the bridge to the trouble of letting fall the drawbridge for us. I did not desire to disturb or disarrange him, for he would surely tell his master, being well called Gabby Gib-cat, because he came of a race that never in their lives have been able to hold a secret for a single day in the belly of them—at least, not if it meant money, ale, or the goodwill of their lord.

So it happened that before I had gone to Maybole I dropped a ladder of rope from the stanchions of my window, extremely strong and convenient, which came down to a ledge some way up the rocks, which I could easily reach by climbing. Thither I made my way when, as I tell you, the night was beginning to dusk toward the dawn. I had all my buyings in my arms tied up well and tightly in the napkin, just as I carried them from the lucky-booths of Maybole. I tied the outer knot of my bundle tightly to the last rung of the ladder, praying within me that Sir Thomas might be fast asleep. For I had to pass within three feet of his window, and, being an old man, he was wakerife in the mornings, easily started, and given to staring out of the window without reason or sense, in a manner which had often filled me with pain and foreboding for his reason.

But by the blessing of God, and because he was somewhat tired with walking in the fields with his baron-officer the night before, it happened that Sir Thomas was sound asleep; so that I was nothing troubled with him. But immediately beneath us in the White Tower, were the rooms of his two daughters, Marjorie and Helen Kennedy; and of these Helen's room was to the front, so that my rope-ladder passed immediately in front of her window, while the chamber of Marjorie was to the back, and, in this instance, concerned me not at all.

So as I scrambled up the swinging ladder (and, indeed, there are not many that would venture so much on a cold March morning) I passed Helen Kennedy's window. As I went by, the devil prompted me to scrape with my toe upon the leaden frame of her lattice. She was mortally afraid of ghosts, so I pictured to myself that, hearing the noise at the window, she would take it for the scraping of a spirit trying to find a way in, and so draw the clothes over her head and lie trembling.

Pleasing myself, therefore, with this picture, I scraped and laughed within myself till I nearly fell from the ladder. I heard a stirring within the chamber, and stopped to listen.

"She has her head under the clothes by now," I said to myself, as I climbed on up to my own window, which I found unhasped, even as I had left it. I entered, gripping the edge of the broad sill and lifting myself over with ease, being very strong of the forearm. Indeed, I had won the wrestling at the fair that day, in spite of my youth—a thing which I intended to keep secret till Helen Kennedy should begin to taunt me with being but a boy and feckless.

It chanced, however, that I, who had been thus victorious with men older than myself, was now to be vanquished and conquered by one who was two years younger, and she a lassie. Then I began to pull up the ladder of cords, with all my goods and chattels at the end of it, and my thoughts were already running on the good things therein—cakes and comfits, sweetmeats, some bottles of Canary wine, and geegaws for the adorning of my person when I rode forth; not for pride, of which I had none, but in order that I might ride in good squirely fashion, and as became the gentleman rider of so great a lord as Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean, Tutor of Cassillis, brother of the late and uncle of the present Earl of that name.

I drew up my rope-ladder all softly and with success, for from the stanchions it swung clear of the walls of the castle, because that my turret jutted a little way over, as is the custom with towers of that architecture. And so all went well till my bundle came to the window of Helen Kennedy's room. There it was suddenly caught and gripped tight, so that I could in no wise pull it further. Nevertheless, I wrested with it so strongly, even as I had done with grown men at Maybole, till the cord suddenly gave way, and, what with the stress and pith of pulling, I fell *blaff* on my back, hitting my head upon one of the low cross-beams of my little chamberlet.

This made me very angry indeed; but I leave you to judge how much more angered I was when I found the cords of my rope-ladder had been cleanly severed with a knife, and that my bundle and all it contained had been stolen from me.

I looked out of the window, rubbing my sore head the while with my hand.

"Nell Kennedy," I called as loudly as I dared, "you are nothing but a thief and a mean thief!"

She put her head out of the window and looked up at me, so that her hair hung down, and I saw the soft lace ruffle of her night apparel. It was long and swayed in the wind, being of a golden-yellow color. (The hair, I am speaking of, not the bed-gown.)

"Mistress Helen Kennedy from you, sirrah, if you please!" she said. "What may be the business upon which Squire Launce Spurheel ventures to address his master's daughter?"

"Besom!" said I, taking no heed of her, "thief, grab-all, give me back my bundle!"

My heart was hot within me, for indeed I had intended to share everything with her in the morning, if only she were humble enough and came with me into the cove. Now there is nothing more angering than thus to be balked on the threshold of a generous action. And, indeed, I am not given to doing any other kind—though often enough frustrated of my intention by the illsetness of others.

"Thou wert a brave ghost, Spurheel," she said, mocking me. "I heard thee laughing, brave frightener of girls! Well, I forgive thee, for it is a good bundle of excellent devices that thou hast carried for me all the way from the fair at Maybole. All that I craved for is here, saving a brown puggy-monkey wrought with French pastry, and little black raisins for the eyes!"

"I am glad I ate that by the way," I said, in order to have some amends of her, for, indeed, there was no such thing in the fair, at least so far as I saw.

"May it give thee twisty thraws, and sit ill on thy stomach, Spurheel!" she cried up at me; for she was more careless of her speech than a herd on the hill when his dogs are not working sweetly.

Nevertheless she spoke as though she had been saying something pleasant and by its nature agreeable to hear.

For I do not deny that the lass was sometimes pleasant-spoken enough—to others, not to me; and that upon occasion she could demean herself as became a great lady, which indeed she was. But when no one was by, then I took no ill tongue from her, but gave as good as I got, or a kenning better.

I could hear her at the window below, taking the packages out of the bundle.

"Ye have good taste in the choice of cakes," she said; "the sweetmeats are most excellent. The pastry melts in the mouth."

As she looked out she munched one of the well raised comfits I had bought for my own eating. At Culzean we had but plain beef and double ale, but no lack of these. Also puddings, black and white.

"See, it flakes tenderly, being well readied!" she cried up at me, flipping it with the forefinger of her right hand. She held the cake, in order to eat it, in the palm of her left hand.

At which I took up an ornament of wood which had fallen from the back of an oaken chair, and threw it at her. But she ducked quickly within, so that it went clattering on the rocks beneath.

She looked out again.

"Ah—um—blunder—shot!" she said, mocking me with her mouth. "Remember you are not shooting at a rantipole cockshy at Maybole fair."

"Give me my property," I said, with some dignity and firmness, "else in the morning I will surely tell your father."

"Aye, aye," cried she, "even tell him about Maybole fair, and coming home through the wood with your arm round the waist of Kate Allison, the Grieve's lass! He will be most happy to hear of it. Also to be thy father confessor, and set thee thy penance for thy deed!"

"It is a lie!" I said, angry that she should guess so discomfortably near to the truth.

"What is a lie, most sweet and pleasant-spoken youth?" she queried, with a voice like Mistress Pussie's velvet paws.

"The matter you have spoken concerning the Grieve's lass. I care nothing for girls!"

And I spoke the truth—at the moment—for, indeed, there were things I was now sorry for.

She went in and explored further in my bundle, while I stood at the upper window above and miscalled her over the window-sill as loudly as I dared. Every little while she ran to the window to examine something, for the light was now coming broad from the east and flooding the sea even to the far blue mountains.

"Ribbons—and belts—and hat-bands, broidered with silk!" she cried; "was ever such grandeur known in this place of Culzean! They will do bravely for me, and besides they will save thy back from the hangman and the cart-tail whip. For thou, Spurheel, art not of the quality to wear such; but they will do excellently for the pearling and ribboning of a Baron's daughter. Nevertheless, I applaud your taste in taffetie, Spurheel, and let that be a comfort to thee."

"Was there ever such a wench?" I said to myself, stamping my foot in anger.

Last of all she brought to the window the three bottles of Canary wine, for which I had paid so dear.

"What is this?" she said, with her head at the side in her masterful cock-sparrow way. "What is this? Wine, wine of Canary—rather rotten water, I warrant, to be sold in a booth at a fair? Wine is not good for boys," she added, "and such drabbled stuff is not for the drinking of a lady—wouldst thou like it, Spurheel?"

She ducked in, thinking that I was about to throw something more at her, which, indeed, I scorned to do, having nothing convenient to my hand.

"Look you, Squire Launce," she said, crying from the window without setting her head out, "you are something of a marksman, they say. There never was a nonesuch like our Spurheel—in Spurheel's own estimation. But I can outmark him. Fix your eye on yon black rock with the tide just coming over it—one, two, and three—"

And in a moment one of my precious broad-bellied bottles of wine played clash on Samson's reef two hundred feet below the White Tower. I was fairly dancing now with anger, and threatened to come down my rope-ladder to be even with her. Indeed, I made the cord ready to throw myself out of the window to go down the ladder. But even as I did so the glaiked maiden sent the other two jars of Canary to keep company with the first.

Then she leaned out and looked up sweetly, holding the sash of the window in her hand.

"You are going to visit my father in the morning and tell him about the bundle and the Grieve's lass. Good speed and my blessing!" she cried, making ready to shut the window and draw the bolt. "I am going to Marjorie's room. The gulls are beginning to sing. I love not to hear gabble, yours or theirs!"

But I leave you to guess who it was felt himself the greater gull.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN common with the rest of the American people I was greatly stirred the other day in reading the President's message concerning the Venezuela boundary dispute. I did not like his having four relative pronouns in one sentence towards the close of his message, and upon the whole the literature struck me as turgid and clumsy; but I accounted for that by the excitement he must have been in when he wrote it, and I felt a responsive thrill, which I took to be a patriotic emotion as I read it. I recalled the behavior of several disagreeable English people I had met at different times; I felt a resurgence of the indignation which the treacherous attitude of Great Britain during our civil war roused in us all; I remembered the injuries done us by that power during our colonial and revolutionary period; and I was glad that we were about to extirpate, extinguish, and exterminate her in behalf of a sister republic on the northwest or the northeast shoulder of the South American continent. I have not a map by me, but the precise geographical position of Venezuela does not matter, and it never did.

I.

The Monroe doctrine itself does not matter for the purposes of the present inquiry except as the occasion of the patriotic emotion which I experienced, and which I should like to examine a little in the light of reason. In the light of reason any passion shows to disadvantage; love itself is a little ridiculous; and perhaps we shall not be altogether proud of the patriotic emotion if we look at it calmly. We shall find it, perhaps, neither so generous nor so beautiful as we imagined it to be, when it first vibrated through us. I myself, for instance, as soon as I grasped the notion of England's refusing to let us fix the boundary between Guiana and Venezuela, pictured her reduced by land and by sea to the last extremity through the prowess of our army and navy: her commerce swept away, her manufactures destroyed, her forces beaten, her battle-ships sunk, and the grass growing in the streets before the offices of the London newspapers which had noticed my books unfavorably. At the same time, while I figured all this so dramatically, I did not fancy myself taking any part personally in the difficult and perhaps dangerous work. I imagined it done, so far as I descended to detail at all, by a lot of poor fellows who would still, in the vast majority, be poor fellows after their glorious work was accomplished; who would be rewarded with the lowest wages, and would not be allowed to strike, or to profit by the eight-hour rule established in the other departments of the government service; and who would be severally forgotten, if it may be supposed they were ever severally remembered, within a year after they had humiliated the proudest empire of the earth.

The whole affair, as it brilliantly and prosperously shaped itself in my mind, was to be delegated, and when it was brought to a triumphant close I was to enjoy the honor and glory of it. I may have been more than commonly selfish in my expectation, but I do not think so. I think that the process was much the same in the minds of all the comfortable people who experienced the same patriotic emotion. They did not formulate it, and I have only just now formulated it; but what they truly imagined was their own exemption from all the sorrow and suffering of the possible war, and the devotion of the sort of people who have mostly in all ages of the world been butchered for every cause, good or bad.

What I chiefly object to in our patriotic emotion, however, was not that it was so selfish, but that it was so insensate, so stupid. It took no account of things infinitely more precious than national honor, such as humanity, civilization, and—

> "the long result of time"—

which must suffer in a conflict between peoples like the English and the Americans. For the sake of having our ships beat their ships, our poor fellows slaughter their poor fellows, we were all willing, for one detestable instant at least, to have the rising hopes of mankind dashed, and the sense of human brotherhood blunted in the hearts of the foremost peoples of the world.

II.

We need not sentimentalize the English; I should be the last to do it; and we need not yield any point of abstract justice between England and Venezuela, in owning to ourselves that every man, woman, and child in the disputed territory would be happier under the rule of such a free monarchy as England than under the rule of a despotic republic of the South American type. It was not a question of that; it was a question of whether we should allow England to encroach upon this hemisphere; and it was this point about which our patriotic emotion was central in the greatest violence. But in this, as in everything else, we have to ask ourselves whether the game is worth the candle. It might be worth the candle to those who do not propose to pay with their persons for the maintenance of our principle in the matter, but those who would have to pay with their persons would do well to think twice about it.

It may be that our common people did not share the patriotic emotion resulting from the President's words, that they left this to such of their fellow-citizens as expected to keep personally out of the trouble. But I think the common people felt it, too; and I would fain entreat them, if they have not already done so, to sprinkle cool patience on their desire for the destruction of England. We patriots who would go to war by substitute, if we went at all, may well remain the prey of an uncontrollable frenzy; but the common people who must fight and who must pay had better count the cost of a patriotic emotion. It concerns them much more that their hard lives should be made easier, that their wives and children should fare better, that work should be constant and wages abundant than that they should make the common people of England more miserable than they are now. For this is what war must always come to in the end: the greater misery of the common people. It comes to it not only in the end but in the beginning; and hundreds of thousands of poor men among us are already paying for their patriotic emotion, and the patriotic emotion of others, in the arrest of business throughout the country and the loss of work.

III.

The settlement of the boundary line between the British and Venezuelan Guianas may be a holy cause; I do not say it is not, and I am very far from saying that the Monroe doctrine was not handed down from heaven. My difficulty is in reconciling these notions with certain other doctrines, equally handed down from heaven, against killing, and in favor of loving your enemies, and blessing them which despitefully use you. Of course I understand that these doctrines cannot apply in international affairs, and that especially the English are excepted when loving and blessing are spoken of in the scriptures. They have never loved and blessed us, and we must wait for them to begin; and I know very well that we ought to kill them if they attempt to take any part of the Venezuelan territory. But even when I have got this clearly in mind, I have to ask myself who they are, and who we are, if it comes to killing. Apparently, in the first flush of the patriotic emotion, the whole English and the whole American people. But practically, when it comes to fighting, it will be the common people of England and the common people of America in a proportion so vast that the uncommon people need scarcely be counted. One would think that the joint interest of these poor fellows in bettering their hard condition was much more vital than their divided interest in fighting the Venezuelan question to an answer. To be sure, there is always, in these matters, the devil's hope that profits shall accrue to industry from the work of destruction; that is, that some one will make money out of the common disaster. But very little of such blood-stained gold ever touches the horny palm of work; it goes to contractors and suttlers, and hucksters of all sorts; and if now we entered upon a war with England, the lot of the common man in both countries would be harder for a generation to come. Our Anglo-Saxon civilization has at last dimly realized that his lot is the chief concern of the race, the prime interest. But if a war came, this fact would be juggled out of sight, and some fetish of egotism and self-interest, to which myriads have been sacrificed in the past, would again be put in the first place, and the cruel farce would go on as before.

IV.

The patriotic emotion, then, does not appear so fine a thing as it did at first sight. One cannot even be sure that it was really a patriotic emotion. It may have been merely a vindictive impulse, the explosion of a shabby desire to humiliate and abase an ancient enemy. There is in the American heart a hatred of England which, if not undying, is certainly not dead yet, and I suspect it was this that glutted itself in her imagined disaster and disgrace, when we all read the President's swaggering proclamation, in which he would not yield to the enemy so far as even to write good English.

I cannot, however, allow that a vindictive impulse, though directed against so old an enemy as England, is in any wise respectable. It is such a thing, as from man to man, we should be ashamed to indulge. A true patriotic emotion would have been a feeling of serious self-devotion in view of some danger or disadvantage to the country; but nothing of the sort was involved, though the President said there was. Fortunately, there will be no effect in actual hostilities from the bluster which all the politicians seem to have shared so eagerly; but the adversity of war, which they invited afar, has indeed come quickly upon us, and it will be long before its effects are past. The common people, the poor, the unfortunate, will be the chief sufferers from that, and it is they who must estimate the worth of our patriotic emotion. Even when the patriotic emotion is a sham one, it costs a good deal; and I am not sure but a sham emotion of the kind is costlier than a real one. We might have still been proud of proposing arbitration to England in a quarrel from which she cannot derive much glory or profit, and we might have retired with unimpaired national dignity from the refusal she had clearly the right to make us. That principle of arbitration, which we invented, is much more honorable to us, and much worthier our patriotic emotion, than any war we could wage in the attempt to make it compulsory. We could have indulged a just pride in it, even though it was rejected, without disturbing the money market in the least; but to turn from its peaceable application to the championship of those crazy little Spanish republics, whose wild and whirling politics are infinitely farther than England's from "our distinctive form of government," was to do something that could only at the subsequent cost of our national self-respect give us a patriotic emotion.

W. D. HOWELLS.

SQUADRON A'S NEW HOME.

THE occupation of their spacious new armory on Madison Avenue, between Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets, by Squadron A marks high-tide in the history of an organization which to-day has few rivals among militia bodies, either on the score of the elements composing it or its proved effectiveness in times of disorder. So great was the efficacy of Troop A, from which Squadron A was evolved last March, in riot-quelling duty last January in Brooklyn that an impetus was given to the formation of cavalry troops in the State. A few weeks ago Troop C was mustered in in Brooklyn with a membership of 88 men, and it is only a question of a short time, in all probability, before a third body of men, in Buffalo, will be mustered in as Troop D.

The history of Squadron A has been one of steady progress from small beginnings. In 1885 Troop A was organized as a body of hussars. In 1889 the hussars applied for admission to the National Guard, and in April of that year they were mustered in as Troop A, N.G., S.N.Y., and attached to the First Brigade.

Their part in the Brooklyn strike riots of a year ago was the most important epoch in the troop's history. It was proved conclusively that for riot-quelling, cavalry was peculiarly serviceable.

Its successful campaign in Brooklyn led to the enlargement of the troop into a squadron. Captain Roe was commissioned Major, and Lieutenants Bridgman and Badgley became Captains respectively of Troops 1 and 2, each of which to-day consists of 75 men.

The new armory on Madison Avenue, which the State has been building exclusively for the use of Squadron A, is admirably adapted to the squadron's needs. It contains the largest riding ring in the country—197 by 95 feet—thus affording room for drill manœuvres which the riding academies formerly used by Troop A gave only in a limited degree. Beneath the tan-bark ring, in the basement, are stable accommodations for 125 horses. Beside these essential features there are reception parlors, special rooms for each troop, a kitchen, roomy lockers and dressing-rooms, and ample bathing facilities. The armory is in active use four evenings a week, one-half of each troop drilling respectively on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. About one-quarter of the men own and use their horses in drills and field-work.

THE U. S. NAVAL TORPEDO STATION.

THE harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, is an oval recess of Narragansett Bay, having as its outer rim Goat Island, which not only shields the harbor from gales, but since the earliest years of the colony has been devoted to its defence. A battery was erected here as early as 1700, and since then fortifications have been rebuilt again and again, until now the whole island is ridged with earthworks. But their guns are all gone, and instead of artillerists, the island is garrisoned by the staff, students, and workmen of the United States Naval Torpedo Station.

The torpedo station was established here in 1869, beginning with the small buildings occupied during the civil war by the Naval Academy. Shortly afterward other new buildings for shops and laboratories, and a row of picturesque cottages for the officers of the staff, were built, the old Fort Wolcott barracks were refitted as the headquarters residence and offices (including an excellent technical library), and, last of all, a gun-cotton factory was erected.

The torpedo station was instituted with the view of training a selected number of officers and men (to be entitled the Torpedo Corps) in the use of torpedoes of all kinds, both fixed and moving. In 1871, however, Congress turned over to the Engineer Corps of the army all that part of the subject relating to stationary torpedoes (called submarine mines), since that was deemed a matter of coast-defence, and is attended to at Willets Point, Long Island. What is left to this station, therefore, is the department of high explosives as used upon ships.

In this much, however, the station finds sufficient work, numberless technical problems arising in naval service, or proposed as improvements, coming here for experimental solution.

The new navy is to include not only torpedo-boats—the small, swift, silent cavalry of the sea, whose sole purpose is to use this fearful instrument of destruction—but each of its ships has been or will be furnished with the mechanism to discharge them, and will carry its quota. At present the ratio is two to each "torpedo-gun," which gives a vessel like the *Oregon* twelve as her complement.

The torpedoes now used by ships fall into two classes, the *controlled*, and the *automobile* or self-moving.

The former is represented by the *Patrick*. It carries its own motive power (compressed air), and unreels behind it as it goes a thin cable containing electric wires by which it may be steered through the water; it bears two little masts, with flags by day, or lanterns of different colors at night, so that the operator can follow and direct its course. This form of torpedo is now refused for sea-service, and relegated entirely to the coast-defence armament in situations where it can be sent out and controlled from some shore station against an attacking fleet. It is of doubtful value even there.

As a matter of fact, then, all other forms have given way in all modern navies to some form of automobile torpedo, and it is to this kind that the energies of this station are now almost exclusively directed.

If you are as fortunate as was the writer in your visit to the station, and are allowed to visit the various shops and laboratories, you may see these torpedoes in process of fitting, and examine their structure. Two forms have been selected for use in our navy—the Whitehead, long ago adopted by European governments, and the Howell.

They look much alike externally—a cigar-shaped case of steel about 12 feet long and 14 to 18 inches in diameter, roundly conical at the head, and more tapering toward the "tail," where one or two screws and both horizontal and vertical rudders propel and guide it. The forward fourth of the torpedo is separate, and contains the charge of gun-cotton. When loaded the centre of gravity is near the middle, and a stud upon the back, sliding along a groove in the roof of the tube by which it is discharged, insures the delivery of the torpedo to the water in exactly the right position to proceed straight ahead as aimed; and the tubes are so mounted on shipboard that they can be turned and aimed in any direction like an ordinary gun.

The torpedo, having been discharged from the "gun" by a charge of powder sufficient to give it a fair start, takes a somewhat deep dive, but almost at once rises, and after a few waverings assumes and maintains the depth (usually about 15 feet) at which it is regulated to proceed. This fixed immersion is secured by a pendulum arrangement, and a hydrostatic piston operates to raise or depress the horizontal rudder when the torpedo is below or above its set depth, or is pointed below or above the horizontal, and this keeps the degree of immersion constant.

So far the two torpedoes are substantially alike, as are several other forms, but they differ essentially in motive power. The Howell, which is the invention of Captain J. A. Howell, U. S. N., is propelled by a heavy fly-wheel, which is spun up to 10,000 revolutions a minute by a steam-motor carried upon the launching-tube. The wheel is geared to the shafts which carry the twin propellers, each on its own side, and its momentum is sufficient to drive the torpedo a minute and a half or more, and perhaps a thousand yards. The pushing of the firing-rod shuts off the steam, releases the clutch connecting the motor with the fly-wheel, places the stud in position, and finally (but it is all practically simultaneous) explodes the primer and launches the torpedo. An ingenious compensating arrangement acting upon the twin screws alters their pitch, and so increases the power of the blades as fast as the speed of the screw decreases with the waning power of the fly-wheel. Many of these Howell torpedoes are to be used by us, and they are made in Providence, Rhode Island.

The Whitehead is the invention of an Englishman of that name, who was first encouraged by the Austrian government, and established his factory at Fiume, in that country, where all the torpedoes used by the continental powers are manufactured, except those of Germany, which makes one of its own, only slightly different from this. England has modified the pattern somewhat, and calls her product Woolwich torpedoes, after the naval arsenal near London. Those to be used by the United States, though holding to the latest Whitehead patterns, as also do the accompanying launching-tubes, are manufactured in Brooklyn. After having been tested by the manufacturers, usually near Greenport, Long Island, they are sent to Newport for acceptance and to be provided with accessories.

The Whitehead torpedo is propelled by compressed air. It contains a regular engine, with a triple cylinder operating twin screws, the same as if steam were being applied. The power is furnished by a flask in which fifty pounds *weight* of air has been packed by means of a pump and accumulators, and the pressure of which is no less than 1300 pounds to the square inch. As the torpedo starts, a trigger is pulled, opening the valve, and the escape and expansion of this air into the cylinders drives the thing at a high rate of speed as long as it lasts. All these torpedoes will float when their running power is exhausted, and may therefore be recovered if they fail to explode, and if the enemy permits it, or fails "to take them in out of the wet" himself. As the Whitehead torpedoes cost about $2000 apiece, this is a matter of some moment.

But the inspection and testing of the torpedoes sent here by the manufacturers is only a small part of the work at the Newport Torpedo Station. With each torpedo goes a large outfit—brackets for stowing and handling it aboard ship, spare parts, and numerous accessories connected with loading, firing, and repairing the weapon or its gun. All these are manufactured here in a well-appointed shop, which employs a large number of skilled mechanics, and here they are sorted out, neatly boxed, and furnished to each ship.

Another branch of the work, which keeps busy a special chemist and a part of the force, is experimentation and testing upon explosives of various kinds, and the manufacture of gun-cotton and smokeless powder.

The form of smokeless powder chosen is substantially the same as the macaronilike product used in Europe under the name cordite. Here it is made in yellowish ribbons, looking and feeling like rather flexible strips of glue, and smelling strongly of chloroform. It has proved very satisfactory in practical tests, and as fast as made is stored, with other high explosives, in the new magazine on Rose Island.

Here is manufactured all the gun-cotton used by the navy, the work being carried on in separate small buildings to reduce to a minimum the small danger involved. Except when confined and properly detonated, gun-cotton is nearly harmless. It is moulded for use into cubes about two inches square, which look as if made of wood-pulp, and when damp (as they are kept) are as innoxious. When dried they will burn like tallow. After a fire in a certain factory large numbers of half-consumed blocks were raked out of the ruins. On board ship the main stock is kept damp in the magazine, but a quantity of dry gun-cotton is preserved in glass jars in the cabin, together with detonators. When a torpedo head is loaded it is nearly filled with the damp blocks, next to which is placed a small quantity of dry gun-cotton, and upon that a detonator of fulminate of mercury. A very slight shock or electrical current will fire the fulminate, which seems to communicate just the right vibrations to the dry gun-cotton to start that off; that in turn excites into action the still more sluggish mass of wet cotton, whence gases are generated and expand until they burst their prison. This is a very different action from a simple explosion of gun-powder, and its process, though it sounds slow, is so rapid that an inappreciable time would elapse between the striking of a ship's bottom by a torpedo and the lifting of that ship out of water.

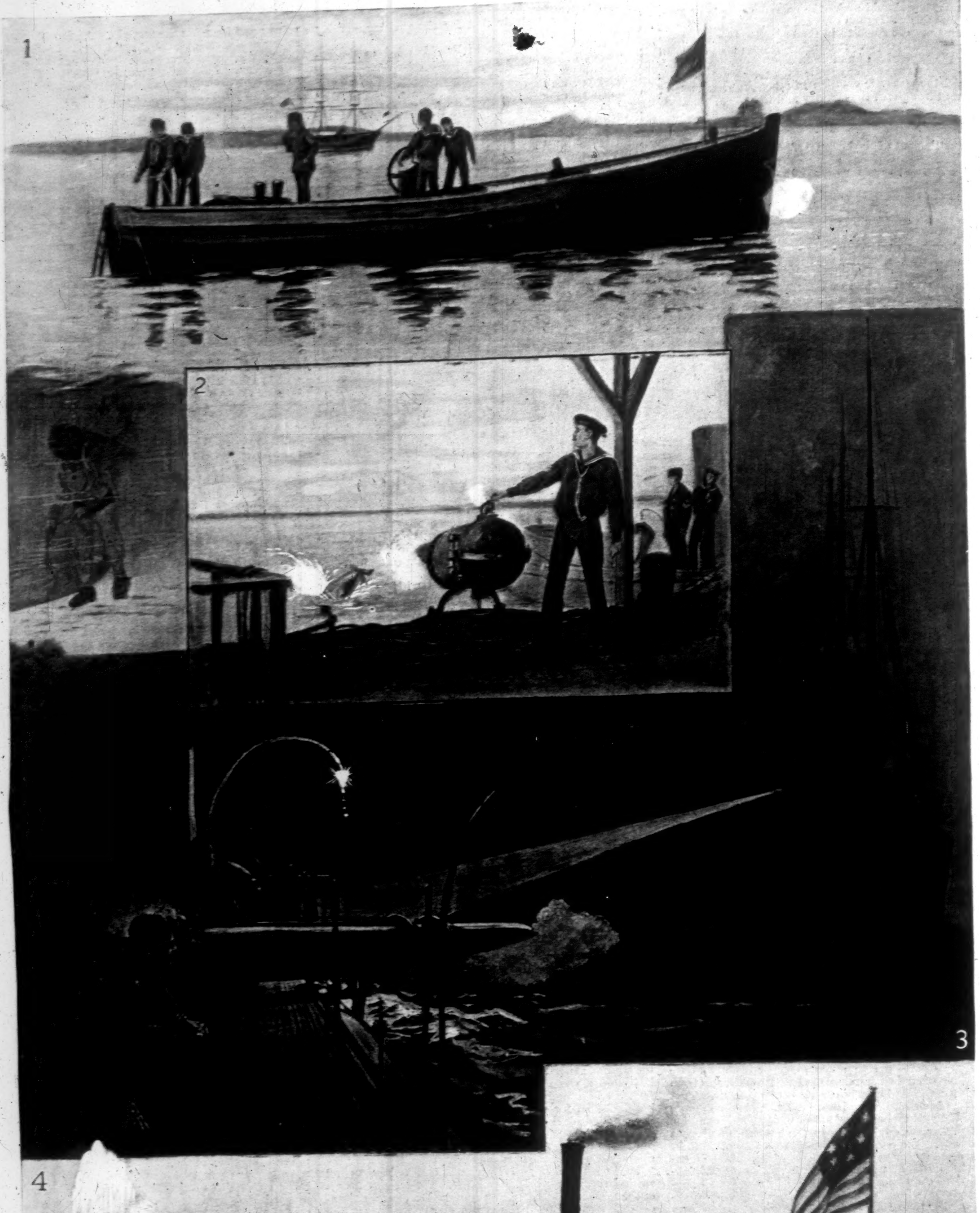
The torpedo-boat *Stiletto* is attached to the station for experimental work, and the *Cushing* is here a large part of the time, assisting in the instruction of officers and seamen, which goes on during the summer.

The educational feature, indeed, is one of the most important functions of the station. The plan for a separate torpedo corps was long ago abandoned in favor of the broader view that every officer in the navy should be competent in this matter. Accordingly, small groups of officers of all the lower grades are detailed, as convenient, to attend here a three-week's course of practical study in the mechanism and handling of torpedoes; and this station and the War College are doing much to maintain the reputation of the American navy for highly educated and scientific officers.

A large number of seamen, also, are trained here in the same subjects. They are the men who have already had six months' training in the gun-shops at Washington, and after five months more here they are rated as seamen-gunners, which distinction carries with it substantial advantages aboard ship. From among these men are selected the specialists to care for the new appliances of warfare, such as the modern guns with their complex carriages and gear, electric dynamos, motors, and search-lights, torpedo outfit, etc.; and they are the ones most eligible to promotion into petty and warrant officers.

The director of the torpedo station is assisted by seven officers, each a specialist and instructor in his branch. The torpedo-boat *Cushing* is now under orders to make a feigned attack on every United States man-of-war entering Newport Harbor. If, as these trials show, it is exceedingly difficult on a fair night to place or keep the search-light upon, or otherwise to detect the approach of, a torpedo-boat which is dodging about in peaceful practice, an idea may be obtained of the greater difficulty of discovering in time to prevent it an approach of one within destructive range (800 yards) when two or three at once are sneaking up amid the darkness of a storm.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, NEWPORT HARBOR, RHODE ISLAND.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 7.]
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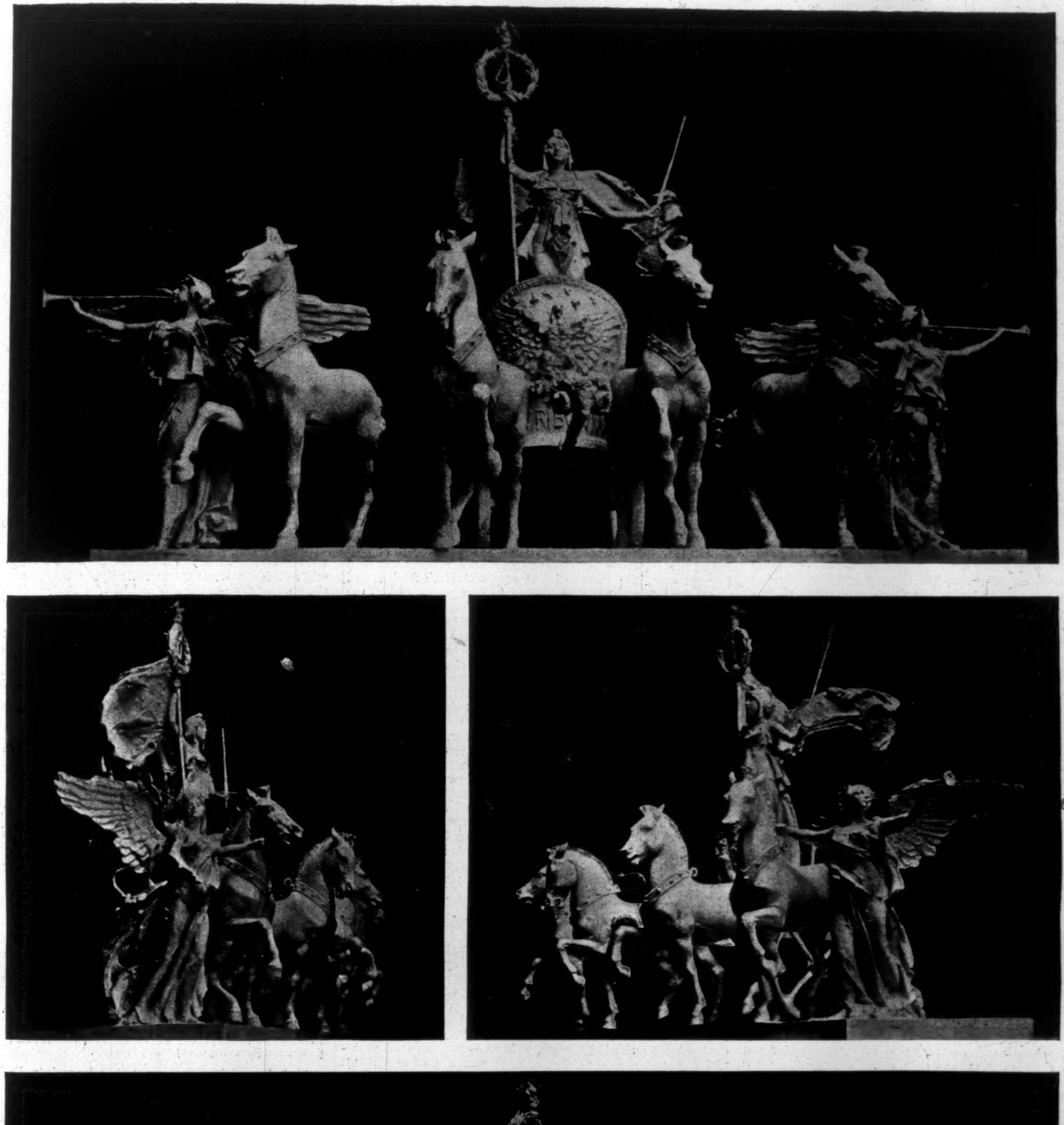
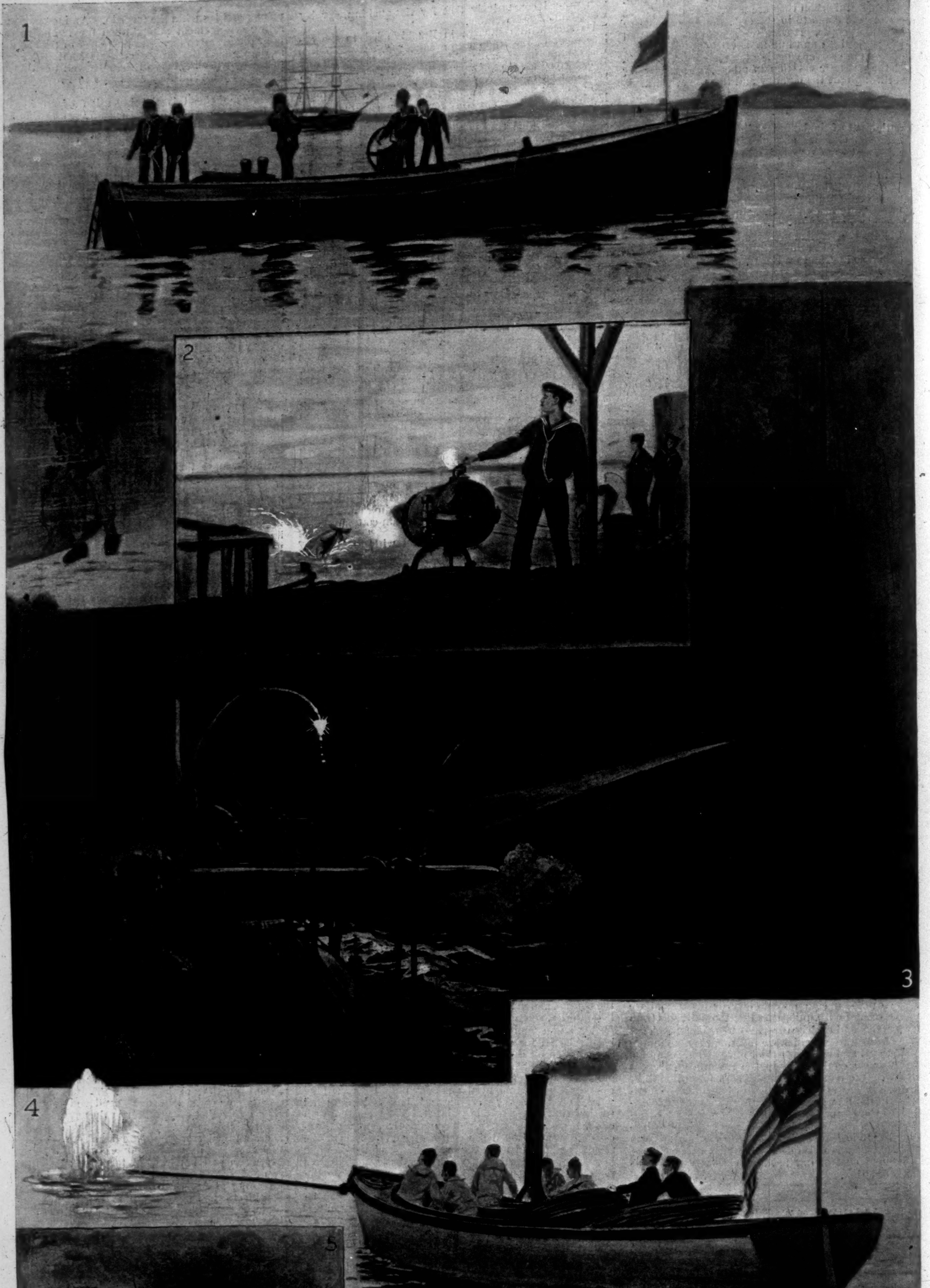


THE CROWNING FEATURE OF A NOBLE WORK OF ART.

The Quadriga for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Arch, Brooklyn, New York.—Sculptor, Frederick William Macmonnies.—[See Page 15]



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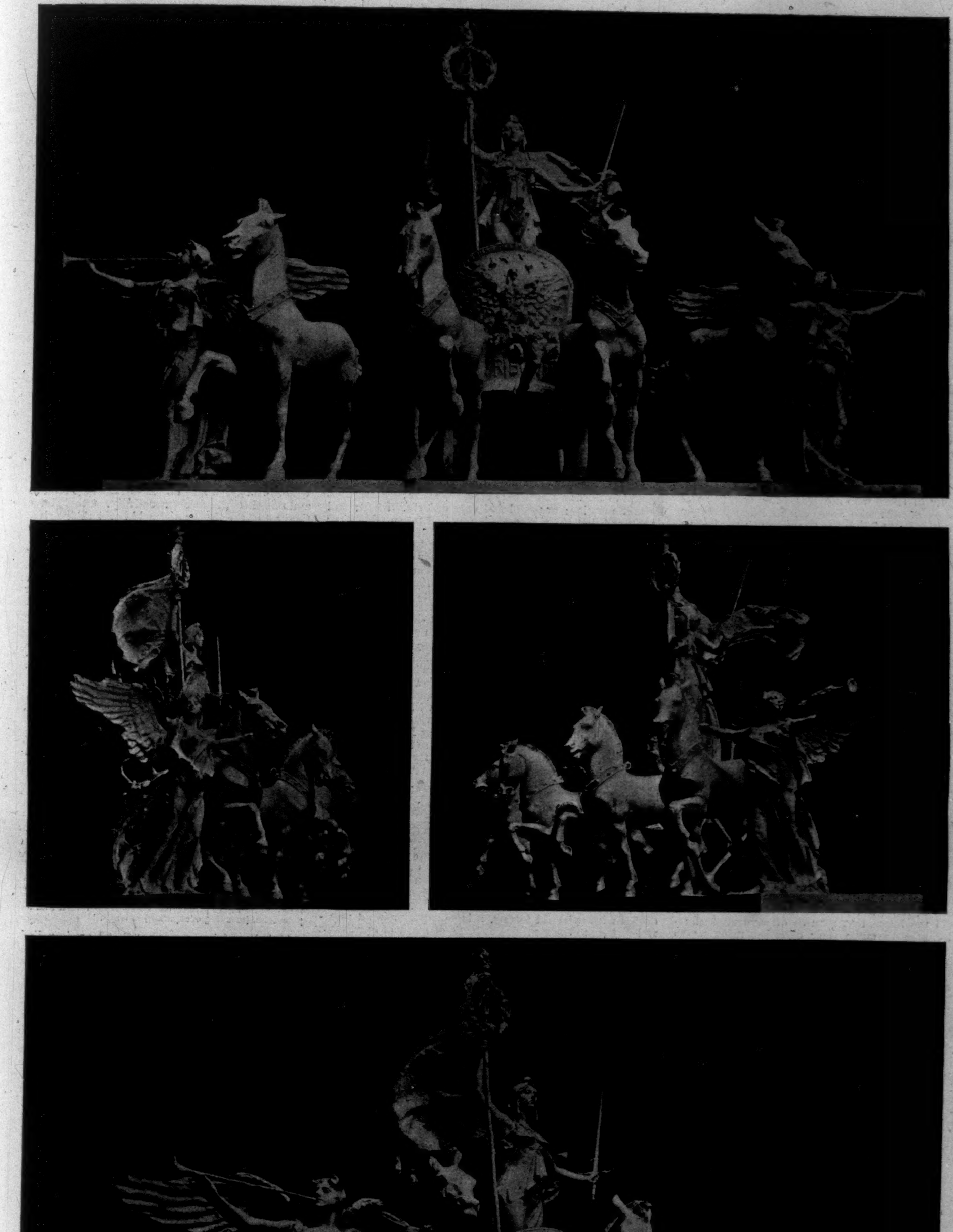

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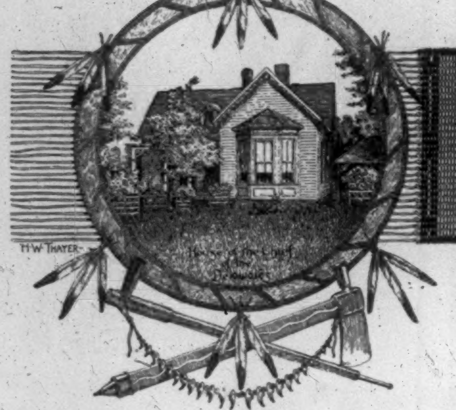

H W THAYER
House of the Chief of the Delawares

THE UNIQUE PLIGHT OF THE FIVE NATIONS

BY JULIAN RALPH.

FOR two years a United States court of inquiry, called the Dawes Commission, has been spending a large part of the time in the Indian Territory, looking into the conditions that obtain there. From the very outset it has been one-sided, of one mind, bent upon the absorption of the red men's property by the whites. It has exploited the arguments of those who desire the change, regardless of our treaty obligations, and it has aspersed the motives and testimony of those who are jealous of our national honor as those of men who are profiting improperly by present conditions. At last it has so impressed the Indian with the nearness of the change and the hopelessness of all opposition that the indignant leaders of the red men now note a growing alarm among their numbers—an alarm that is seen to promise a panic and a rush into the acceptance of almost any proposition that will not leave the Indians stripped of all that they got when we bought their mighty Eastern possessions by giving them this little Territory to be their own forever.

So startling stories of threatening injustice and so interesting tales of the progressive character of the civilization in the five Indian nations had reached me in my wanderings in the West that I determined to go to the Territory and see for myself what truth lay at the bottom of the boasts of Indian civilization and the cries of Indian alarm. I travelled through the nations of the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Creeks; and with regard to the Seminoles, learned all that I needed to know in their favor (I mean in favor of honest dealing by the United States) from their enemies. I found railroads running through four of the five nations, and white men's towns strung all along the railroads, so that in order to see the Indians I was obliged to go to their capitals and into the outlying country. I realized that the ordinary tourist would see no more signs of the existence of the Indian governments where the railways run than if he were travelling in Kansas or Texas. But I also saw that the railway strips were the resort of a cloud of cheap politicians, boomers, adventurers, and human vultures of many sorts, unitedly bent upon wresting the land of the nations from its red owners. It was plain that, being left unprotected, unguided, and unwatched, these red men, of the mental calibre of children and the imprudent natures of savages, had allowed white men to enter their counties, thinking to make money out of them, and be enabled to live at leisure, until the whites are now so strong in numbers that they bolster one another in the belief that they cannot be ousted, that their slender tenure is a vested right, and that an injustice is being done to them by the further continuance of the Indian proprietorship of the rich lands they see all around them.

It is in this spirit that the documents of the Dawes Commission are all written. The white men have absolutely no rights in most of the nations. Their year-by-year leases are subleases from individual Indians. Their stores and shops and hotels are theirs by breach of Indian law or by advantages taken of imperfect laws. The gainers among the Indians are those human riffraff the squaw-men, who have married into the tribes to get that advantage over these simpler people which they could not gain in competition with their own kind. The other gainers are half-breed Indians, whose unconscious tastes and sympathies are such as the molecules of white blood in their bodies have developed within them in disregard of and unconcern for the peculiar needs of their more distant kin, the red men. Behind them all, back in the woods, the foot-hills, and the bottom-lands of the smaller streams, are the simple red men, whom we should first consider, since it was to such as them—to their fathers—that we made solemn promises, oft reiterated, that they should have those lands, in undisturbed possession while grass grew and water ran. They, the full-bloods, sold us all the country between Maryland and Florida, east of the Mississippi (speaking roughly), and we paid them with this Territory. It was to precisely these rude, lazy, improvident hunters and fishermen that we acted the part of a great and indulgent father. They are greatly improved. They live in houses, they till enough land to live upon, they have gained the art of writing and reading the languages they used only to speak; their children are influenced by schools, none of which are the poorest and some of which are very high in grade. They have not lost their honesty, and a very great proportion have gained Christianity. They are remarkably orderly in all the nations. They have governments fashioned after those of our States. These are facts, for proof of which I can refer the reader to the reports of our government, so many of whose agents are openly at work to despoil them and put us as a people to shame. But if these things were not so, if the full-blood Indians still wore blankets and lived in tents, if they worshipped fire and tilled no soil—yet would they be the Indians with whom we, in our superior wisdom and sense of might and honor, made at once a business bargain and a solemn treaty. Without making that indisputable fact plain and clear this question of what to do with the Indian Territory cannot be fairly discussed. And it is that one essential fact that is hidden and disregarded in all the official reports I have read, and all the talks with greedy white men that I have had.

Note the spirit of the Dawes report: "The resources of the Territory have been developed to such a degree, and are of such immense and *tempting* value, that they are attracting to it an irresistible pressure from enterprising citizens." (Meaning intruders.) "It is no longer possible for the United States to keep its citizens out of the Territory.... Towns of considerable importance have been built up by white persons under leases obtained from Indians *claiming* the right to appropriate the common property to these uses.... Towns built under such inducements cannot be removed nor their structures razed to the ground."

I read in the Dawes reports of the reign of terror that prevails in the Territory, of the robberies and murders that were taking place there, and then I travelled there and found the Territory far less lawless than several States that I could mention; peaceful and very orderly, in fact; and discovered that these commissioners had taken advantage of a brief epidemic of highwaymanry, following upon the bringing in of millions of money to pay for the Cherokee strip opening, to blast the good character of tribes which had no part in the disturbance. For the outlaws were all white men, nearly all from our superior country, and most of the victims were white trespassers of other kinds.

I did not find that the Dawes committee was either so ingenuous or so wrong in its statement that "corruption has found its way into every branch of the tribal governments." I was more amused than indignant to witness the amazement and horror of these politicians at discovering there these slimy trail-marks of the white men among the Indians. I hope that the coming New-Zealander who finds this report of Indian corruption among the ruins of our civilization will take it seriously, will infer that nothing of the sort existed in the States whence the Dawes committee came, and will believe Dawes in earnest when he reaches the conclusion that since there is corruption in the Indian government, "no higher duty can rest upon the United States government than to revoke the power of self-government granted to the Indians, when it has so lamentably failed."

I had not been an hour in the Cherokee nation when I saw that in the exceeding wealth and beauty of that country lay the secret of the plot to rob the Indian of his heritage. It is a most beautiful country. What Monmouth County, New Jersey, or Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is, such is a great part of the Cherokee patent. Covered with deep dark loam, broken by many fine streams, clothed with luxuriant vegetation, laughing over the glorious wealth of its great farms, and elsewhere dotted with splendid forests, it is so superior in all material virtues to the semi-desert lands of many of our States in the West that our nomads cannot tolerate a dispensation which forces white men to live in the western part of the Dakotas, Kansas, and Nebraska, and shuts others out of this paradise. And this is as true of all the Territory as of the Cherokee tract. The fact that our ancestors gave this land to the Indians has nothing to do with the present fact that their descendants now demand it for themselves. The strength of the proposition lies in the Western motto—"Damn the Indian, anyhow!"

In all the Indian nations the people need as much time as we took to understand the value of good roads. Their citizens have the right to fence in what lands they want, and the new fences often enclose the old roads, whereupon new roads must be cut. Under such a system it would be folly to improve them. But, after all, the Indian roads are no more primitive than most of the roads of West Virginia. The roads, and the desperate-looking, loaferly United States deputy marshals who infested them, were the worst things I saw in the Cherokee nation. The rude ferries copy the white men's ferries of that section.

Here the Cherokees have a country the size of Massachusetts, containing 22,000 Indians, 5000 negroes, and 30,000 whites, and what I am going to say of them and their country I prefer to take from the reports made to our last census bureau, since our agents and officials, even those who wrote these reports, are nearly all concerned in the effort to pull down the nation, and favor the outrage either in their reports or their private speech. Their government is divided into the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches. They have a principal chief, an assistant principal chief, a national treasurer, an elected editor of the national newspaper, a court with a chief justice and two associates, and a council composed of two bodies. "There has been great progress made by both bench and bar within the last fifteen years, the practice now being the same as it is in several States." The lands are held in common. Each man controls all he holds, and pays no taxes upon it. The revenues of the people are from funds invested in our government bonds, from licenses to merchants, ferrymen, lawyers, peddlers, couples seeking marriage, sales of estrayed stock, royalties upon coal, lead, stone, and sand, and the fifty cents a month that "permitted inhabitants" (mainly laborers hired to work there) pay into the treasury. They have a written language formed by an alphabet of eighty-four letters, and in that are printed the New Testament, some of the Psalms, a few hymns, primers, tracts, the laws, and half of each weekly issue of the national newspaper. Only English is taught in the schools, and the people have almost no literature.

Thus wrote Fletcher Meredith, special agent, in the 1890 census report: "We can see here a people worthy, educated, refined, living in one of the best countries, with a hundred common schools, with national seminaries for both girls and boys, an asylum for orphans, and another for the insane, with a system of republican government, with a national prison, with parties, politics, and political machinery, receiving its spiritual nourishment from outside sources as a matter of right.... The results of the work of education and evangelization among this people are that the Cherokees are on an average equal to other people of the United States as to education and religion."

Yet this writer sides with the politicians, favors the destruction of the nation, and approves of the politicians' panacea, the allotment of the lands in severalty. So he seeks to show the faults of the present condition, and says that the Cherokees are less than one-fourth full blood, and the average Cherokee is not in affluent circumstances. "It is true that there is a large number of wealthy men who have fenced large bodies of the best land and farmed and raised stock quite successfully. Others have removed the best of the timber and sold it for their private benefit. The larger number of the Cherokee people are in only moderate circumstances, while many of them are living in primitive conditions." (What part of this is not true of Missouri or Arkansas—or New York? And in what shading of meaning does the following differ from a description of the conditions in Tennessee, Georgia, or the rest of the country these Indians surrendered to the whites?) "The dwellings of the Cherokees are like those of the whites, and are of almost all sizes, shapes, grades, and materials. The dwellings of the few wealthy Indians are like those of the wealthy whites, either of brick, stone, or wood, while those of the poor Indians are like those of the poor whites. Their farming is primitive and in a small way. The Cherokees *have been civilized so* long that they are *not Indians except in name, blood,* and their treatment by the United States government." Farther along this writer repeats himself, but I will continue to quote him in order to give the worst and all that he says in criticism of the red men as a basis for his belief in the policy of the politicians and adventurers who wish to destroy this nation and to erect a Territory on its ruins.

> "The intelligent, active, and thrifty have opened large farms on a Southern plantation style, the only thing 'in common' between them and others of the population being the title to the land, and of this the big farmer has had the sole benefit, often holding thousands of acres of the choicest lands, while his co-tenants worked at moderate wages, or existed in cabins on little particles of land in the hills, too thriftless to contend in the race of life with more energetic neighbors.
>
> "Others have fenced several tracts and leased them to different tenants, holding the reversionary interest in these farms, expecting the present status of things to break up, and hoping in the readjustment of affairs to profit thereby. Many citizens of the States have gone into the Cherokee nation, married Cherokee women, and by the rights thus obtained have proceeded to despoil the forests and to accumulate possession [meaning occupation] of lands."

This is so fair a statement that I am impelled to intensify it. The whole truth is that this evil of the occupation of large tracts by shrewd Indians, half-breeds, and squaw-men is the principal one throughout the Five Nations, because on top of this has grown the practice of letting white men sublease the lands or work them on shares, or build dwellings, shops, and hotels upon them. But, as a rule, these abuses are the unauthorized illegal acts of individuals, indefensible in either the Indian or white courts, and destructible whenever the Indian councils choose to destroy them, or whenever our government awakens to the necessity of guiding the Indians out of the tangle thus created and insisting upon the absolute non-revival of such practices. One other very great evil in all the nations, and especially in the Cherokee nation, lies in the presence there of thousands of vagabonds and adventurers, who have settled there, taken little holdings, built cabins, and refused to depart. Some thousands—nearly 6000 I believe—of these persons claim to be Cherokees, but are not enrolled as such. The Cherokee government has not only passed upon their claims and denied them, but has repeatedly and strenuously implored our government to eject them. More yet, and worse: our government has promised to expel the intruders, has passed laws to that end, and yet takes no step toward keeping its promise of this trivial act of justice and decency. On the contrary, it is active in the more costly work of surveying these same lands preparatory to their division among the hungry whites and the helpless red men who alone have any right to sell, divide, or survey them. The conviction that we have officials who value the mischief done by leaving this army of intruders unmolested is one that is forced upon the mind of every disinterested student of the situation. I have heard one United States official justify our breach of promise by the assertion that these squatters are as truly deserving of citizenship with the Cherokees as many who have been recognized by the Cherokee council; that richer men have bought citizenship, but these squatters are too poor to do so; and, finally, that enrolment as a citizen was not valued until this talk of allotment came up, while now that destruction faces the Cherokees, they are treasuring citizenship and compressing the lists of citizens in order to make the per capita gains as great as possible when the greater nation wrecks the weaker one.

Granting that every word of this is true, the Cherokees alone can decide the claims of pretenders, and these have been investigated and ruled against, with the guarantee of our government that the intruders shall now be expelled.

Of my own experiences in the Cherokee country I shall say little. I stopped at a pretty, neat, and clean tavern, kept by a half-breed woman, and ate better fare than I have had in many places of the same size in the States. I rode in a stage-coach out of that town to Tahlequah, the capital, passing many very untidy negro cabins and several fine farms, appointed with such farm-houses as one would look for in the newer parts of the neighboring States. Reaching Tahlequah and its surrounding hamlets, I found the people living in neat frame houses, well painted, in tidy garden enclosures, and I saw lace curtains in the windows and heard pianos and organs within-doors. Over all the journey I noticed the unvarying excellence of the fences, the wagons, the horses and harness, and the dress of the people. Close to Tahlequah a noble building of brick or stone was pointed out as the boys' seminary. In the town the girls' seminary excited both admiration and wonder, for it would ornament and honor the capital of almost any of our States. Tahlequah I found to be a beautiful little town built in a natural amphitheatre, very busy and prosperous, distinctively Southern in its sorts of houses and shops and dirt-road streets, and built around a modest yet dignified red-brick capitol in an ample and inviting little square of lawn and shade trees. Here, again, I stopped at a hotel kept by a half-breed woman, whose niece, a copper-hued, ebon-haired girl, had been educated in the States, and attracted to her side many young women from the seminary. In beauty, dress, vivacity, and quick intelligence I would rank them with any country girls I ever saw in America. I was not surprised, after seeing them, to hear of Cherokee girls who gain a livelihood by teaching music and foreign languages to our own people across the border in a neighboring State.

I enjoyed a long talk with ex-principal Chief Bushyhead, who told me that in his view "the solution of the Indian problem is absorption by the white people, but it should come naturally and gradually." He said that at least half the Cherokees live as Indians—alone. They take to the hills and the timbered country, not, like half-breeds and adopted whites, to the open prairie. All these full-bloods depend upon farming. Fishing and hunting give them next to nothing. In the main they live on the streams, in the little valleys, upon clearings. About half of them speak English, but all send their children to the English (Indian) schools. Not fifty acres of choice land is left unoccupied, and with the inflow of white men the problem grows complicated. The present proposition of the whites is a fee-simple title to allotted lands in severalty and a Territorial government. This would revolutionize existing conditions. In five years all the full-bloods would be paupers. In 1891 Mr. Bushyhead recommended allotment to abolish and prevent monopoly in land. His plan was not to distribute the ownership of the land, but to keep that in the government control, as at present. He proposed to divide the land among the Indians, giving them no right to lease except to citizens, as at present, but the right to will the occupancy to their children; all abandoned land except that of minors to revert to the government if left two years untenanted. He said the proposition put him out of popular favor, and that it is not wise to day to declare one's self in favor of allotment or change.

THE CREEK NATION.

The country of the Creeks is mainly a plains land, and by its present uses is a grazing country. The soil is not so rich as in the beautiful Cherokee country, yet it is less broken and weakened by woods, mountains, and thin soil than the Choctaw, Seminole, and Chickasaw grants. Judge Springer declares it "the most diversified and beautiful plains land imaginable." It exhibits vast reaches of grass, always relieved by grass-clad mounds or ridges at the horizon-line, and the streams are embowered by splendid groves. It is in places a level sheet of grass, in places a rolling tumbled pasture-land, but never is it tiresome or unbroken. The knavish politicians and hungry grabbers who hover there like wolves can tell, better than I, how much corn, wheat, cotton, rye, berries, or orchard fruit grows to the acre, how many dollars each acre will fetch, and who stands ready to give it—to sell it during the stampede of whites for twice as much.

There are about 10,000 Creeks, 5000 negroes, and 3500 whites in the country. The negroes are the former slaves and their descendants, admitted to citizenship in 1886. They lead in industry, thrift, shrewdness, and in both the progressive and the demoralizing influences that are at work in the nation. No account of the Creeks can be considered fair that does not credit the negroes with great force and consequence among them. They love to imitate the whites and to become prominent as politicians, and often as very corrupt ones. They favor the spread of education and all that civilizes, and many declare for allotment, though it is unanimously opposed by the red men who gave them the right to express their will by votes.

The Indians have greatly improved in the past quarter of a century. Many yet prefer to live as nearly like their ancestors as possible, but "there is a large element of refined and intelligent persons whose influence with the ruder folk is very considerable." The most enterprising ones have large farms, and live well by leasing them to white or black men. Their houses are good, and their manners are those of polite and hospitable persons. It is said of all of them that they retain a respect for their "medicine-men," and a pride in the traditions of their tribe. They keep up the mystic "green-corn dance" and the annual "fish fry," and yet the missionaries believe that a third of the nation has become Christianized. The less ambitious inhabit log huts with one or two rooms, keep a few cattle grazing on the free range-lands, and till soil enough to keep them in hominy—the favorite food of the tribe.

Until 1867 they were governed by their tribal chiefs, but now they have a government copied from our States. They elect a principal chief, a second chief, a governor, an auditor, a treasurer, and a superintendent of education. Their council of two chambers, kings and warriors, meeting annually, makes their laws. Their constitution is declared to be "a model of simplicity and conciseness." They have a supreme court and six district judges. Their capitol building is a handsome stone edifice at Okmulgee, in the centre of the country. They punish by whipping and shooting, but it is said that most criminals who have been sentenced to death have been pardoned. There are no jails. Offenders are quickly tried and punished. I am told by the officials of our government at the federal court-house that the Creeks are an exceedingly orderly and law-abiding people.

Such reputable white men as it was worth my while to talk to all declared that the full-blooded Indian has ever been and remains an honest, self-respecting, dignified character; but he has little to do with his government. The negro, the sharp half-breed, and the squaw-man control affairs. A great number of the officials have such weak Indian blood that they are really to be classed with the whites. It is no wonder, then, that the elections and the national councils are corrupted. It is admitted on all sides. I met a brave and handsome Creek Indian, who had been a United States Marshal, and who said: "I fear that the end of our nation is near. It is no use talking; the red people are all bitterly opposed to it, but the negroes whom we have adopted as citizens are being corrupted by white men; they are being bought to favor allotment or whatever plan is agreed upon for taking away our nationality and lands. I have talked and argued, have even made public speeches for our self-preservation; but I am young, and my speech is slow. The niggers all out-talk me."

It struck me that his surrender of hope was premature. His people, in council, have never wavered from insistence upon the maintenance of our treaty promises. In their council last year they declared that the terms and conditions of the proposed allotment "would be detrimental to the interests of the whole people," and that the allotment of land in severalty to Indians, and subjecting them to the practical operation of a Territorial form of government, has been abundantly proved to have resulted in almost invariable failure, working disaster and ruin to those for whose advantage it was instituted. They called attention to the condition of the Creek people, showing the workings of their school system, the administration of their laws, the development of their agricultural, stock-growing, and other industrial pursuits, in an endeavor to prove that none of the changes proposed by the commission are necessary to the advancement of their people, but, on the contrary, will disturb, paralyze, and arrest a happy state of advancement that now characterizes the condition of them. The leading or Union party in the politics of the nation has declared that "whereas the nation is guaranteed the unrestricted right of self-government by the treaties with the United States," it resolves that it "favors preserving the present autonomy of the Muscogee (Creek) nation, and opposes allotment of lands in severalty." Last year, when the Dawes Commission first visited the Territory, Chief Perryman called a meeting of the Creeks at Okmulgee, requesting all citizens to assemble there and to discuss the proposed plan for the allotment of their lands in severalty. The great assembly howled down the proposition. Only three men voted in its favor.

All the Creek lands are held in common, but any citizen may utilize whatever land he is able to fence in. From this law, and the practice of leasing fenced lands to white men, have sprung the evils that give the white men an excuse for demanding the violation of our treaties. The foolish Indians have, by means of this law, let down the bars and allowed the whites to crowd in upon them. And now the white men boast that by corrupt means they can prevent the Indians from correcting the evil by refusing to renew the leases, and that the United States dare not shed the blood that would be spilled if soldiers were sent there to drive the intruders out. Indeed, they can corrupt our own councils as they do those of the red men—the while they point to the corruptness of the Indian legislators as a proof that they are not fit to govern themselves.

In Wagoner I found some cattle-men from the States who were settled there and bringing cows up from Texas to fatten them on the Creek lands. They said that all Creeks who wanted land could get it on council or government leases at five cents an acre, and that the practice is for citizen lessees to sublet the land at fifteen, seventeen, or twenty cents an acre a year to the white trespassers, who fence the land at, say, $75 a mile and deduct the cost from the rent.

I asked these cow-men (who were wide-awake Americans of a high order of intelligence) what sort of a government the Choctaws had produced; what degree of order and quiet and security for life and property had been reached in that nation.

"Well, it's a pretty good country," said one. "It is as quiet and safe as any people's country in the world. I have been knocking around all over the cow countries and many civilized parts, and I don't know any people that have got a country as orderly as this."

Said another: "The only ornery folks that are here or that ever were here are the whites. Stage and train robbers were the worst, and they were brought here by the government payments of big money to the Indians. They came from other parts. There is now and then a little disorder and stealing among the Indians, but they confine it to themselves, and they take care of it in their own courts. The whippings take place every week, and the Indians whip hard. They jack the men up to a tree and lay it on good."

"Do you men carry pistols?" I asked.

"I have never seen one since I've been here—several years," said one. But another added: "I have. Jack's got one he brought from Mizzoura. He keeps it in his trunk. He took me up and showed it to me."

The reader is at liberty to compare this view of the condition of the Creek country with the conditions that prevail in Texas, Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas—or, if that suggests unfairness toward those States, let him compare this with the conditions all over the Southwest twenty years ago, at which time no one proposed to extinguish the government titles to lands there because the people were not governing themselves properly.

In regard to the farm lands, it is said that there are small Creek farmers who farm their own lands, but such are very uncommon. The rule is for blacks and reds to rent their farms for a third of the corn or a fourth of the cotton raised upon them. Others simply lease to white men for a certain sum per acre annually. The squaw-men have taken the best bottom-lands. Two have fenced in a pasture eleven miles square, and there are individuals who hold farms of 5000, 2000, and 1500 acres respectively. The Indians could turn out the white lessees and refuse to renew the leases to the big cow-men and farmers, but many of these men are rich, and bribe the legislators to renew the leases. It is said that the Indians and negroes who have not been able to get good land, and who see that it is practically all taken up, are those who secretly favor allotment. I say secretly favor it, because to do so openly would be to incur intense unpopularity. A lot of adventurers, scrub politicians, speculators, and spoilsmen are incessantly at work for allotment, but are said to be disgusted to find that many Creeks who say they favor the scheme are afraid to acknowledge their views in public. The last hope of these plotters is that the presence, arguments, reports, and avowed intention of the members of the Dawes Commission will engender in the breasts of the red men a fear that all will be despoiled who do not further the movement. This fear is present already. It is hoped and believed that it will soon take the form of a panic, and drive the Indians into compliance with the wishes of the politicians as sheep are driven to the gaping mouths of wolves.

THE CHOCTAW NATION.

The mischief is wellnigh accomplished in the Choctaw nation. This is one of the two nations wherein it is evident that something has got to be done by our government, because our national faith is already broken there, and we must either patch it up and do justice to the Choctaw, or throw it to the winds and seize his lands—of course, under some such measure as the allotment scheme, whose name conceals the nature of the crime. To the traveller the nation appears to be already a white man's land, because he sees it beaded with towns, which are filled with white men and negroes, and in which few or no Indians, full-blood or diluted, are to be seen. The fact is that these beads are strung along the three railways—the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, the St. Louis and San Francisco, and the Choctaw Coal Road. The Indians, as usual, are out of view, on the hill-sides, in the little creek bottoms—contented and active in their own ways, but pushed to one side of and by the revolutionary forces that the whites have set in motion.

The census declares that there are less than 16,000 Indians and negroes there, with 28,000 whites. Certain whites in the plot to take what has not already been taken say that there are 50,000 whites there. These are the same persons who say that a quarter of a million whites are already living in the Five Nations. I do not believe there are 150,000, and in the Choctaw nation I could not find any one who could show me where 25,000 were living. Still, the situation is extraordinary and deplorable. Mining and trade have brought in whites enough to create the towns here mentioned. To their names I have affixed the highest guesses at their numbers of inhabitants that I could obtain from sober men:

Town.	Population.		Town.
South McAlester	1700	200	Fanshaw.
Oldtown	500	700	Cameron.
Hartshorn	2500	200	Tuscahona.
Gowen	200	2000	Atoka.
Cavanal	250	1000	Colgate.
Savannah	500	1000	Durant.
Braidwood	200	500	South Canadian.
Krebs	3500	200	Wilberton.
Alderson	500	200	Penola.
Poteau	500	400	Wister.
Lehigh	1500	500	Tahlihina.
The above are all coal-mining towns.		200	Antlers.
		100	Kiowa.
		100	Stringtown.
Red Oak	300	1500	Caddo.

Total, 19,950; in smaller villages, etc., 2000; grand total, 21,950.

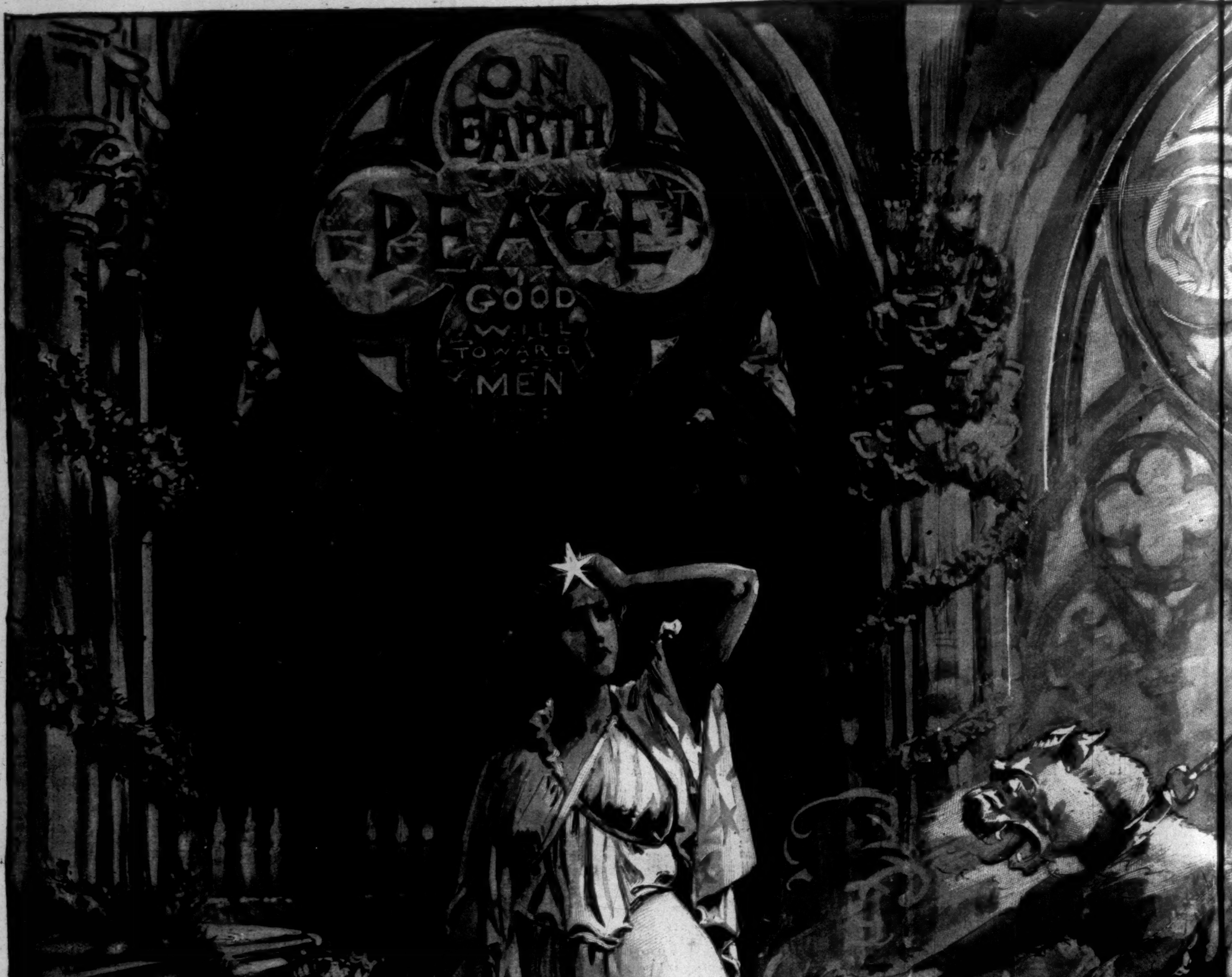
To be very generous, let us say that 23,000 whites have invaded the Choctaw nation. Not 400 of these are citizens, or have any right in the nation, except as they pay for yearly licenses to engage in trade. The "rights" of these thousands that the government is urged to protect by giving the territory to them and despoiling the Indian are not even the rights of a tenant who pays rent year by year in an office building. Their (?) towns are owned by the 300-odd squaw-men who have married into the nation for business reasons.

Under the Choctaw "fencing law," wherever there is a prospective town to be built, the squaw-man goes in and throws a fence around it. By another law, a non-citizen can take land enough for a store and dwelling, "not exceeding two lots of ordinary size." This he may take wherever land is unfenced, and need pay nothing at all, but the shrewd squaw-man usually fences in the towns before they are built, lays them out in town lots, and then rents and sells them piecemeal. In South McAlester these persons are selling lots to-day for as much as $40 a front foot, and giving deeds that transfer the ownership for as long as the Choctaw people remain a nation. Such instruments are worth only this, that the Choctaws cannot wrest the land from a citizen who has fenced it, and that the United States courts uphold white possessors of such deeds against the claims of non-possessors. Deeds of non-citizens have no value or recognition at all, and yet white men are selling land, right and left, in all these towns. The way it is done is thus: Sikes wants to sell to Fagin. Sikes therefore deeds a piece of land back to Appleskin (the Indian of whom he bought it), and Appleskin deeds it over to Fagin. Thus, through the simple red men, who get a drink for their trouble, or by means of shrewder ones, who get a commission, the whites are trading in corner lots just as if they were in Seattle, or in Flatbush, Long Island.

Under the Choctaw law governing mineral claims a citizen may "locate" a mine, drive a post in the earth as a centre point, and then take a mile square of land. This he may lease to any corporation or individual, exacting a royalty for himself and the royalty for the nation, which the nation insists upon in every case. Under this law the squaw-men and the sharper Indians have located all the claims—perhaps it would be a clearer way of putting it to say that they have got all the claims, for when they fail to discover a claim and luck favors a white pauper or a fool Indian, the sharp ones get the claim just the same. In the vernacular of the region, "they file a counter claim and go into the courts, and the longest pole knocks down the persimmon."

The largest bodies of whites are in and near the coal-mining region, in four or five counties, where there are very large (white men's) mining interests. Villages full of men are employed in the mines, and hundreds of car-loads of coal are daily shipped away. Mining in this nation began at Krebs and Lehigh nineteen years ago, when the high-grade bituminous coal of the region was discovered. It is the best coal in the Southwest, and sells in St. Louis, Kansas City, and all over Texas.

For years the Choctaws have given to each citizen the use of all the land that he will fence, and, in consequence, a few shrewd squaw-men and a lesser number of full-bloods have fenced in a great part of all the good pasture-lands in


ON EARTH PEACE GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN
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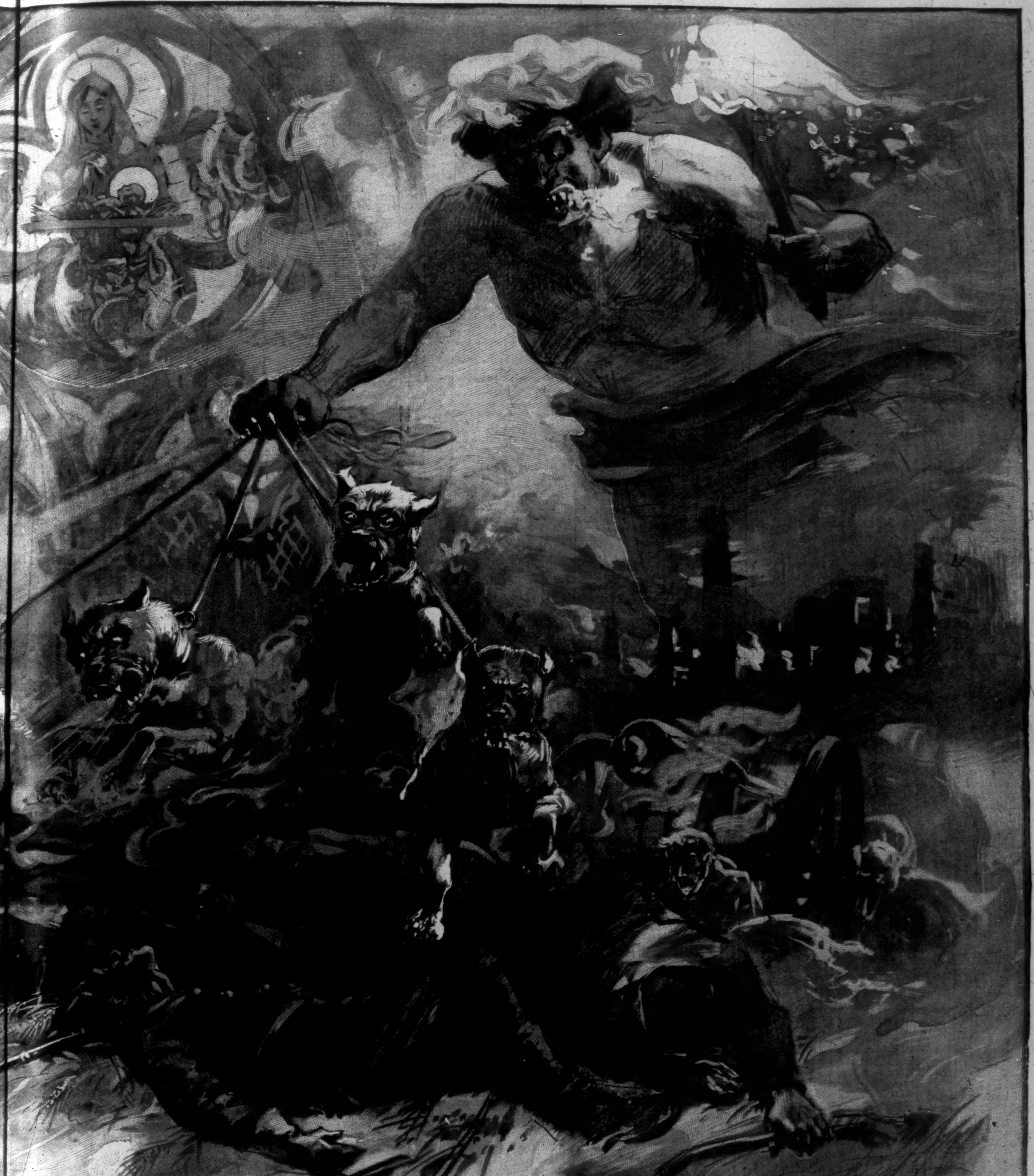
WHICH: CIVILIZATION, OR TH



HE RETURN OF BARBARISM?

"Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—MICAH, iv. 3.

immense pastures of from ten thousand to fifty thousand acres. Such men have also fenced in the good farm lands, have at first rented them to white men to clear up, and then have leased them as improved lands for from $2 50 to $6 an acre a year. The owners usually erect small cabins on each forty acres or more, and then rent the lands to non-citizens and negroes for a year at a time. Squaw-men also rent from Indians and sublet to non-citizens at large profits. The nation gets nothing from its lands except as it taxes the non-citizens who lease them and the men they employ as farm hands. The same is true of the government income from town sites. It exacts a license fee of $5 a year from farmers and farm laborers, $10 from mechanics and clerks, $25 from professional men and hotel-keepers, and 5 per cent. impost tax on all goods brought in by traders. In all probability no trader pays this impost tax. A quarterly statement of goods brought in is demanded of every merchant, but it is not sworn to, and it is said that the merchants pay a third or one-half what they should. In addition to these taxes the government receives royalties on the timber and coal cut and mined.

An old law of the Choctaws declared that any man who tried to sell any Choctaw land, or who should sell or aid and abet in selling such land, should be deemed "guilty of being a bad man." He was "turned loose," as they say out West, and any citizen had the right to become his executioner. This was, of course, aimed to prevent sales to non-citizens, and to-day such sales, though made daily in the towns, are wholly illegal. Even the leasing of lands to farmers is forbidden by law, and the large incomes derived from this source by the squaw-men are illicit. Yet they serve to show how utterly reckless and unprincipled are these men who have left our States, where they amounted to nothing, and have fastened themselves like leeches on the red men's nations. They do not dread the law because they control and corrupt the legislators, and, so the census report declares, even manage to get all but a tithe of the public moneys: Thus they simultaneously rob and poison these nations. A few, very few, Indians actually farm their lands. A few more copy the vicious squaw-men and lease their farms, taking a percentage of what the crops fetch. As a rule, the full-bloods live in little cabins out in the country, cultivate mere patches, and raise small herds of cattle. Hundreds do not get as much as $50 in a year, but live as nearly like their ancestors as they can and do not even speak English. These are such men as we gave those lands to, and are the ones first to be considered, it seems to me, in rearranging the Territory and the red man's status. The squaw-men and half-breeds have taken advantage of them, but it was to protect them that we gave them the Territory, and it is queer logic that argues for despoiling them altogether simply because they have already been greatly abused. They may not be progressing in civilization as fast as we would have them, but we dealt with them as a ruder people than they are now, and I have not seen, in any treaty or promise we have given them, any demand that they should change their nature. On the contrary, we made not only solemn promises, but business bargains with them as mere red Indians who sold us many great States of the Union in return for a small reservation and protection from the craft of our own people. It was on February 24, 1831, that they received from our government this declaration: "the government and people of the United States are hereby obliged to secure to the said Choctaw nation of red people the jurisdiction and government of all the persons and property that may be within their limits west, so that no Territory or State shall ever have a right to pass laws for the government of the Choctaw nation of red men and their descendants, and that no part of the land granted them shall ever be embraced in any Territory or State."

Assembled in council on February 20, 1894, the Choctaws declared their position with regard to this treaty in unequivocal terms. Said they:

> "We to-day regard the treaties as carrying the same solemnity and power as they did the hour they were made. We propose that our adherence shall be as solemnly given as at any time during the past, and we have too much regard for the great, mighty, powerful, and Christian nation of the United States government to entertain for one moment the idea that she would say those treaties shall no longer be maintained. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that such a great, grand, and Christian nation as the United States government would so stultify itself in the eyes of the civilized world by disregarding treaties heretofore solemnly entered into with a weak and dependent people, regardless of justice and equity, simply because she is able numerically so to do. We ask her to extend us justice; we ask to be permitted to possess that which is ours and ours only. We ask that the present tenure of lands be undisturbed. We ask that allotment be deferred until we are intellectually capacitated to deal intelligently with the superior race who will flock to our country. We ask that no Territorial form of government be erected over us until our entire population can readily comprehend and speak the English language. We ask that the great nation consider well the injunction, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

THE SEMINOLES.

The Seminole nation is the smallest of the Five Nations, and at once strikes the traveller as the rudest and yet the best managed and most shrewdly (if not best) governed of them all. Its leaders, up to the time I was in the Territory, had absolutely refused to concern themselves with the subject of allotment; had stood calmly aside from the whirl and fright and dismay that rend the larger nations, saying in their talks with visitors and in their every-day conduct towards the mischief-makers sent to the Territory by the government: "We are happy. We are enjoying the right of self-government and the lands given us in solemn treaty by the whites. We want nothing but to be let alone." Theirs is a very small tract: 35 miles long and 10 miles wide, roughly speaking; containing less than 600 square miles, and yet large enough for their 2739 souls. Of these, 1800 are Indians and 900 are negroes, their former slaves. Tramps and would-be squaw-men avoid their country; greedy speculators in the future profits of land, mining, and railroading are warned away, and even the government reports, surcharged with the venom or dictated by the cupidity of our race, deal briefly with them, finding little in the Seminole country upon which to hang their arguments. Therefore the authors are forced to include the nation in a general, loose way in what they report against the entire Territory.

Perhaps half the Seminole land is hilly and broken, but this contains no waste land. It is all either well timbered or excellent for grazing. The prairies are rich and the bottom-lands beside the fine streams are thick with splendid soil. The people farm and raise stock, and are beginning to grow fruit. They farm mere patches of cotton and corn, and carry their produce to mill and market in sacks upon their saddles or their backs. It is charged that their women toil on the farms—as is the case in greater or less degree all over Europe. The men are big and handsome, but the women lose their good looks in their toil. The census report which states these things actually includes the statements which follow:

> "The public schools are four in number, and there are two mission schools. The latter are institutions of long standing in the Seminole country, are ably officered and conducted, have honorable records, and have accomplished much good.
>
> "The average Indian has already accomplished much as he passes [*sic*] from his primitive life into the civilization of his white neighbors. The old Indians do not take kindly to the new ideas and ways, but the rising generation gives promise of a civilization more in keeping with the age."

John T. Lowery, of Checotah, who knows the Seminoles as well as they know themselves, says, in an account written for the Denison *Herald*:

> "The national officers are elected every four years. They consist of principal chief, second chief, national treasurer, and members of the council. The tribe is divided into about fifteen different bands, each of which elects a band chief and a law-maker. The band chief goes to the upper branch and the law-maker to the lower branch of law-makers. There are two general councils annually—in July and September. There is a great deal of committee-work done under the shade of trees. The Indians are fond of camp life and beef. They camp near the council-house, and often consume thirty or forty beeves during a session. This beef is furnished free by the council. The principal chief can call special councils at any time. On the day of the election the voters, which means all the male citizens from the age of say twelve or fourteen years up, assemble at We-wo-ka, where the election is held. This is a peculiar spectacle, and might point a moral of honesty to their more enlightened brethren of the States. Each candidate for principal chief has a representative man who steps out upon the open plain, and with shouts, gestures, and entreaties induces all the voters he can to align themselves in one row, he being at the head. When all the different voters have taken their positions, there is a committee of three appointed to count the people as they stand in line. The same process is taken to elect the second chief. The council assembled elects the national treasurer, and also the captain of the lighthorse and lighthorsemen, who perform the police duty of the nation.
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> "All criminals are tried by the council. There are no judges and no attorneys. The cases are tried upon their merits, and sifted thoroughly. No criminal escapes punishment through sharp practice or the technicalities of law, and justice according to their law is usually meted out. There are no prisons. All the malefactors, after arrest, are guarded by the lighthorse until tried by the council, which may be a special one called for this purpose. There are two modes of punishment for crime, viz., whipping upon the bare back, and death by shooting. There is no unnecessary delay in enforcing the penalties of the law, for upon conviction for murder the order is at once given to have a coffin made, and as soon as this is done the condemned is blindfolded, a target is pinned over his heart, and he is seated upon a log. The lighthorsemen, armed with Winchesters or six-shooters, take their positions about thirty paces in front of the doomed, when, at a signal given by the captain of the lighthorse, all three fire at the target with fatal effect.
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> "Theft and all other crimes are punished by whipping upon the bare back. For the first conviction, 50 lashes; for the second, 100; for the third, 150; and for the fourth, death. During all my experience I have never known the death-penalty inflicted for theft, for just before the fourth offence they either reform or remove to some neighboring tribe.
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> "A citizen may go on stealing for years, and so long as he is not convicted it is all right. And here is a peculiarity in their law that offers a large premium for theft, to wit, that upon trial, if convicted, it is for only one offence, and all thefts committed prior to this conviction are condoned and can never be brought up in the future. Thus for many thefts he may suffer but one penalty, and if this is the first conviction the penalty will be the lightest.
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> "But the punishment by whipping is no trifling matter. Usually upon the day of conviction and before the council adjourns the culprit is taken from the council-house to a tree near by, and is there stripped to the skin above the waist. A rope is attached to his hands. This is thrown over a limb, drawn tight and fastened, just allowing the person to stand upon the feet. Then a rope is tied around the ankles, a rail or pole is thrust between the legs above the rope, and a man sits upon it to keep the person from drawing the body up during punishment. Men and women are whipped alike. The whip is a blunt switch about three feet long, tapering gradually until the small end is about the diameter of a lady's little finger. The captain of the lighthorse details, say, five lighthorsemen, each armed with a switch, to lay on the lashes. If the penalty is fifty, each applies ten. The captain stands by and counts. As one finishes his number another steps forward and takes his place. For the first ten or twelve strokes, as the switch leaves the body, a large, livid, quivering welt rises. After this it becomes one bleeding, raw, and swollen mass of flesh.
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> "Nowhere have I witnessed the stoicism of the Indian so thoroughly exemplified as while undergoing the torture, for save in rare instances does he give utterance to any other sound than 'Ugh!' and this only during the first two or three cuts. But when the negro is put up the scene changes, for with all his braggadocio, and in many instances brutality, he becomes nerveless and wilts completely, pleading piteously for mercy to both God and man in tones that can be heard for a mile around. It is not uncommon for a person to be taken down in a fainting condition, and should one even die during punishment it would be thought all right, for he was only receiving the penalty of the law.
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> "Prior to the sale of their interest in Oklahoma they had an annual income of $28,000, being interest on money deposited with the Treasurer of the United States, and upon this amount they managed to run their government. From the Oklahoma sale they deposited in the same treasury $1,500,000 at five per cent. interest per annum, payable semiannually. This, in addition to the $28,000, puts them above the frowns of the world financially. They desire no internal revenue except the small pittances collected for permits from the very few whites that reside among them. They have no system of taxation.
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> "The negro element, with its well-known fecundity, is increasing rapidly, while the Indian proper is hardly holding his own. It is quite common for the young men to take for their first wives old women past the child-bearing age. They live together an indefinite time and then drift apart. The marriage rites among the full-blood element is very crude and simple. It is known as the 'blanket marriage.' This is accomplished by the man and woman living together as man and wife without any ceremony being performed. There is no divorce law in force except this: if either party desires to dissolve the relation he or she can do so by paying the other fifty dollars. The most of the Seminoles are monogamists, but polygamy prevails to some extent,
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> "There are three most important factors in the civilization of the Seminoles. First, the railroads, which develop commerce and bring the Indian face to face with the white man's methods of doing things. Second, the United States courts in the Indian Territory, which, with full jurisdiction over all crimes committed in the Territory, will do more in a short time than anything else, by making them law-abiding. Third, the missionary schools, which, by educating the young, bring an influence, uncertain though it may be, upon the home life which throughout succeeding years will be felt."

I have quoted this writer copiously because he seems not to be interested in the allotment question and therefore writes fairly. We shall see that he tells blunt truths that are less to our liking than some that are urged by the "boomers" as proving that the whites should strip the Seminoles of their possessions and turn them adrift as tramps and paupers. In South McAlester, in the Choctaw nation, I met two of these boomers—one a Congressman and the other a shark in human guise, who was "prospecting" the entire Five Nations to see what he could "cinch" at the present time, so as to be found in possession of something valuable when the deluge comes upon the red man. This last character represents a breed that is overrunning all the nations seeking what it may devour. Such scoundrels are so obviously hungry, so frankly, brazenly outspoken, and so utterly devoid of principle that they have helped to frighten the Indians into a readiness to take anything that our government offers—even a dollar and a mule per capita—and leave their homes and lands, thankful to get anything for them.

"Say," said the Congressman, "I have been a friend of the Indian and have favored the keeping of our treaties with him up to the present time. I have been opposed to anything tending to support the greed of the white man, and all that sort of thing. But I have just been with my friend" (the shark) "through the Seminole nation, and by God! I am ready to go back on the Indian. The Seminoles have a rich and beautiful land; it is God's country, if ever a place could be so called. It would blossom like a garden if the whites could get hold of it. Say, the principal chief, John Brown, is the smartest man on earth, and is bigger than the Czar of Russia. His name is John Brown, and he has a brother, Jackson Brown, who is the national treasurer, and those two own the nation. They keep two stores, one in the north and one in the south, and they receive the interest on the money owed to the Seminoles by our government, and cash it in for gold, then pay it out in scrip only redeemable at their stores. The brothers have large tracts of land fenced in; in fact, the whole nation is fenced in. One of the brothers, the chief, lives in a twenty-room stone house that was built for the council-house. I suppose he grabbed it. I tell you it's an outrage; it's too high-handed, and it is time our people knew how things are being run there. Those Browns own the national council, body and breeches."

"I saw the chief—he is said to have married a Creek squaw and fenced in 50,000 acres in that nation—I saw him, and I asked him what his opinion was about allotment. He said it was that his people wanted to be let alone. They were a quiet people, he said, minding their own affairs. I tell you it's an outrage; he is the smartest man on earth. I asked him why his was the only one of the nations not supporting a lobby in Washington. (Because I happen to know that's a fact. The other nations spend a fortune on lobbying, but he is too smart. He keeps out of the case altogether, just as if our government had given its word to the Seminoles to leave them alone, and as if it had got to stand by its word. Isn't that smart, though?) So I asked why the Seminoles had no lobby, and he said again that they were a quiet people and asked nothing. I asked him why no whites were among the Seminoles. He said there was no objection to the whites coming in to do business there. I asked him on what terms they could come in. He said the Seminoles had not decided yet about the terms. I guess not, either; the thing's been going on for forty-three years, and how many whites have got in? I'll tell you: there's the agent, the doctor, a tavern-keeper at We-wo-ka, and some mission-school teachers and clergymen. That's every blessed one that has been let in to share that splendid country with these Brown brothers. When I am back in my seat in Congress I intend to let the country know these things.

"But let me tell you what has changed my mind in regard to the Indian question. It is this: they whip and shoot their criminals. It is horrible! If a man steals anything—a hog—they give him 50 stripes. For the second offence they give him 100 lashes, and the third time they catch him they sit him on a stone and shoot him. That settled the case in my mind. We cannot permit such inhumanity. It will be a foul blot upon our civilization to knowingly allow human life to be held so cheap as it is in that nation. I've changed my views. I'm for allotment."

"Yes, but that is nothing to what I found out," said the shark; "I seen a place in the Choctaw country where I seen a town was likely to grow up. There was the railroad and there was the rich land all around, and thinks I, 'Here's a chance to make a strike.' So I goes to the boss citizen, a squaw-man, and I says, 'There's going to be a town here.' 'Yes,' says he; 'we think so too.' 'Well,' says I, 'who's in on it? Who's going to build up the town?' 'We are,' says he. My God! True as I live, that's what he said: 'We are.' I quit. I went on to the next place. There was nothing there for a white man. 'We are!' I tell you it's a damned outrage, and allotment is the only thing that 'll get justice for the white man in this country. Here's a land all milk and honey, and the measly Indians and squaw-men think they are going to have it all. It is beyond belief, but I tell you truly. 'Who's going to build up the town?' I asked. 'We are,' says the man. Did you ever hear anything like it?"

I was so little in sympathy with the temper of my acquaintances that I left them, and in my own bedroom I thought to myself, one thing, at least, is clear—the Seminoles must be let alone. Neither allotment, nor confiscation by any other name, nor any form of debauchery must be forced upon them. They are out of the present discussion. They have kept the white man off their land and out of their tribe, and it would be worse than monstrous for the white man to force himself and his measures upon them now, solely because other Indian nations have been polluted and undermined by white men admitted through mistakes that the Seminoles have never made.

Surely the refrain of the Seminole chief should not be chanted in vain: "We are a quiet people, minding our own affairs, and asking to be let alone."

The Seminole nation is at peace, contented, prosperous, composed of a homogeneous people, individual, intact. It is a nation that is doing all that was planned for any of the Five Nations to do, governing itself, maintaining order, progressing. I cannot believe that when a former President bade the Indians go West, where they should not be disturbed by the whites "while grass grew and water flowed," he or his councillors or immediate successors could have foreseen so admirable a government produced in so short a period by so raw and wild a people. No honest mind can criticise it, for it is as successful as any government, and, when its sources are considered, it is wonderfully good. How it concerns us whether the chief keeps the stores, whether he issues scrip, or whether he lives in the council-house—so long as his fellow-citizens have never found fault with him—I cannot see. As for the Seminole modes of punishing their criminals (personally, I envy them their methods), what have we to do with their laws, so long as they maintain a stable, orderly government, and do not trouble their neighbors?

"What is your idea of what should be done here?" I asked of the Congressman, knowing, of course, that to let the Indian alone and to drive the white man out of his country were ideas foreign to his nature.

"My plan," said he; "is repudiation of all treaties, the opening of the land to the whites, and the removal of the reds to reservations."

Since my return home I have received a letter from a friend who is acquainted with a brilliant soldier in our army, and who met him and told him of my tour through the Indian country. I am about to copy my friend's letter, because it proves that it is not merely the poets or "the women of the East" who believe that the rascally employés and agents of our government are urging it to blast its honor and rob and destroy the red man. There is at least one soldier who has fought with and against the Indian (and who knows him better than either the poets, the women, or the robbers) who thinks as I do. I wish it were possible to give his name, but I have not that permission.

"I asked him," my friend writes, "what he thought of the present status of the Indian question in the Territory, and he said, 'If the plans proposed at present are carried out, it means the extinction of the Indian.'

"He told me that he had taken a great deal of interest in the Indians for the past forty years, and had enjoyed more than one good opportunity to study them under different conditions. Before the war the Cherokees had attained to good government, and their schools were of the best, and to-day the conditions existing in the nation, both as to order and education, are better than in parts of the adjoining States. If the government of the United States wanted to do justice to the Indian and give him a chance to show what he was capable of, it should take those who had maintained their integrity as Indians, those whose respect for the blood had led them to continue full-bloods, place them by themselves on the best and most diversified land obtainable in the original grant; disqualify and denationalize any who intermarried; give them a model State government to start with, and the hope of actual Statehood and citizenship as soon as they had shown their ability to enter into the sisterhood of the States. If the philanthropist, or the less dignified sentimentalist, who takes his sentiment out in weeping for poor Lo's lot and fate, thinks to do him good by mixing him with such whites as marry the squaws in order to get a chance at the land, they are wide of the mark, for the result will be the extinction of a race which has been one of the most picturesque in history. The Indian has never had a chance. When his lands in the Middle Country were wanted he was rudely hustled into carts, taken to a military post, walked across the plains and wastes to a land so far removed that the white men of the day never thought to reach him. There he was settled on alien land, and regarded as an outcast and unworthy of consideration. In his untutored state, dazzled by the tinsel of white pomp and possessions, he permitted marriage with the whites, most or all of whom married the squaws for mercenary reasons, and to this intermarriage the trouble owes its origin. The Indian blood is good in some of its qualities. Proper breeding, in a scientific manner, of the best Indian and white blood would create a wonderful, sinewy, brainy race. Mistaken philanthropy and greed have kept the red man back, encouraging his weaknesses and then condemning him for them. In no instance has he had a show to grow to the best that is in him.

"I told the General your conclusions as to the only course left open: to allow the full-blood Indians to settle on good land, and then disqualify any who intermarried with whites, and all whites who married among them; finally, to put the new Territory (thus created) under the protection of the army. As he was leaving, he said: 'That is the only course which will do justice to the Indian, but the course officially proposed means his debauchery and extinction in a very short time.'"

The situation is unique. Perhaps the whole history of the world fails to offer a parallel case. The nations are foreign powers and yet wards, and our people are aliens in the Territory. The trouble that gives rise to the present legislative projects is all due to the invasion of those lands by white men, who have forced themselves into the Territory uninvited, and who now refuse to go, or to discuss any proposition that includes that alternative. They have flowed over from our States, and from being intruders at first have next called themselves non-citizens, and now clamor to be admitted as the people of a State, regardless of the wishes of the real owners, the Indians. Their leaders behave like road-agents who have "held up" five nations; like railway-wreckers who have spiked a switch and are waiting for the train to plunge to destruction. They have absolutely no legal rights there, no matter what wealth they have created, extorted, or invested there. The Indians look on helpless, ignorant, and alarmed. They can only take from their capitols the parchment treaties made with us, and say: "These are your promises. We rely upon them, and upon your honor and Christianity and pity for a weaker people." The white intruders pooh-pooh the treaties. They say that treaties expire when they are no longer mutually satisfactory, and that one generation cannot bind a succeeding generation to anything. For the fact that we bought great eastern States of the Indians, and paid for them with a millionth part of their value in this Territory, the white trespassers care nothing.

If the Dawes Commission humanely and decently proposed to drive out the white intruders and allot the land among the red men, forbidding them to sell or lease to white men, and excluding white men from the Territory in future, the clamorers for allotment all over the Union would instantly lose interest in the subject. No matter what they say now in favor of a division of the soil among the red men, the whole truth is that they expect the allotment to result in white ownership and the pauperization of the Indian. They know that in a few years we would have a wrecked, degraded, beggar army of red men on our hands, and a new "Indian question."

I have not dealt with the Chickasaw nation. If the whites are to keep what they hold, the Chickasaws must be moved into the smaller territory of the four other nations. Of the red men and their black dependents there are not 10,000 in the nation, and yet 50,000 whites have slipped in and are demanding white government. In the present temper of the politicians it seems useless to urge that this large body of whites be ordered out of a country that they have literally usurped and built into an extension of Texas. But they have not done this elsewhere to any such extent, and there is a chance left to us to deal justly and sensibly with the other nations. Since we must shut off the full-bloods somewhere, and since there is no region left except of desert land, humanity and justice demand that we readjust their present Territory. We should expel the whites from the Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw nations, and to the new Territory thus formed we should add the adjoining country of the Seminoles, the wildest Indians, yet the ones who have kept out the white men and given us no excuse for interference. We should move the Chickasaws into the new Territory, and then we should give the Territory in charge of the War Department, with army officers in control. The more these officers were instructed to do for the civilization of the Indians the better; but if they were only charged with keeping white men—either as squatters or husbands of squaws—out of the country, that would be the main desideratum. If there are coal-mines that are of great value to us white people, the Indians can be taught to work them under the supervision of the officers of the army; at least until they have learned the business. As for the squaw-men, let them stay, or take a per capita share of the nations in cash and leave the Territory.

If the Chickasaws are moved, or any land is taken from the nations, the mode of dealing with the problem should be in a spirit of great generosity towards the full-bloods, who should be first considered. The half-breeds deserve only fair treatment. The squaw-men, who married red women in order to prey upon the nations, should be dealt with only with a view to the rights of their wives. But, above all things, the payment of money per capita to the nations must be stopped. The debasement and demoralization that this causes, the shocking scenes that attend the payments, the absolute certainty that the Indian will be robbed of his money (if, indeed, he manages to get it at all), are matters for discussion in another paper. No reputable man will, I think, dissent from the proposition that our debts to the Indians must hereafter be paid into their national treasuries, to be expended for the building of roads and bridges, the introduction of high-grade cattle and horses, the perfection of school systems, and the development of an educational work in other missions than the religious ones they already have—in agricultural and mechanical mission-work, social improvement, and the creation of a self-supporting, useful, and enlightened people.

THE BROOKLYN MEMORIAL ARCH.

A NOTE ON ITS CROWNING GROUP OF SCULPTURE.

Even in its present unfinished condition the Memorial Arch in Brooklyn, erected at the entrance to Prospect Park, is a noble and imposing work of art. The lines of the edifice are simple and refined. The masses are disposed with dignity. Were it to remain unadorned with sculpture it would still be a striking monument—one distinctly worthy of the patriotic sentiments which brought it into being, and one calculated to foster a high standard of art in the city where it stands. But the arch can be made a more beautiful structure nevertheless; sculpture is bound to enhance its effect, accenting its outlines, giving to its great bulk those elements of grace and lightness which are the more valuable because of the massive character of the substructure. Mr. Macmonnies, who is to be responsible for the chief embellishments of the arch, is a sculptor especially qualified to supply the needed note of vivacity. He can grasp, and does grasp, the conditions of monumental art, but his work is always quivering with the nervous force that streaks his temperament through and through, and the great group which is illustrated on another page shows how justly he solves a problem demanding at once statuesque impressiveness and picturesque force.

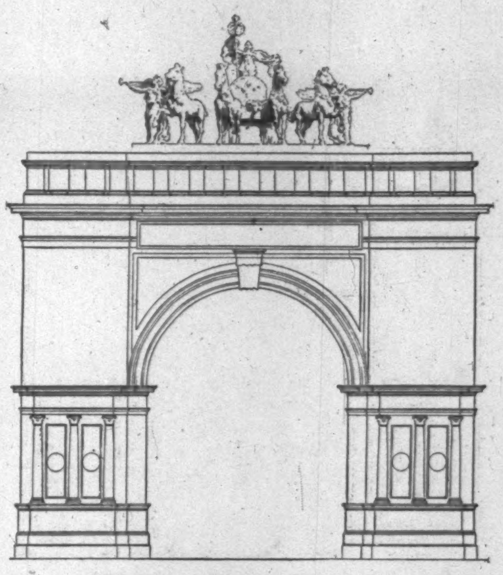


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE QUADRIGA ON THE ARCH.

This quadriga is to crown the Memorial Arch. It will do so not merely as a matter of decorative form, as a matter of grouping and plastic appropriateness, but as a touch of imaginative power illuminating the uppermost section of the architectural whole. Nothing Mr. Macmonnies has heretofore produced has been more spirited than this, and, indeed, it is doubtful if even the gay and animated fountain at the World's Fair possessed quite the movement which this makes one feel. The horses, delightfully reminiscent of those on San Marco, in Venice, are yet extremely original as portraits, as studies of animals—that is, which speak at once of personal observation, and in their ebullience of equine character take the work at once away from a merely formal atmosphere. The group in its entirety may seem somewhat conventional. Quadrigas have been designed before. One of remarkable effectiveness and individuality was modelled by Mr. French for the Peristyle at Chicago in 1893. But Mr. Macmonnies proves, as Mr. French proved, that, given a sculptor of great accomplishments, the result is bound to be new and beautiful—beautiful after a fashion of the sculptor's own. Thus the modeller of this Brooklyn group has imparted to it all the peculiar elegance of his style, giving to the mighty quartet of horses an elasticity, a charm of easy motion, which alone would separate the quadriga from others we have known. And he has re-enforced his central conception by adding at the right and left a winged trumpeter of victory, in whom we recognize no accustomed figure of the past, but a new and lovely creation out of the sculptor's own imagination. Finally, the figure of the Republic, upright in the chariot of war, presents an image of youth and alert strength which it is impossible to identify with any classic type. Such a goddess as this is to be associated at once, and beyond the possibility of doubt, with America, and American ideals of courage and adventurous progress. Thus analysis of the latest group produced by Mr. Macmonnies is attracted, as we have said, as soon by the imaginative as by the plastic qualities he has expressed. The quadriga is a brilliant piece of sculpture. It is also a noble effort of characterization, of idealization, and admiration for the designer is largely a matter of respect and sympathy for the idea he has set forth.

In the setting forth Mr. Macmonnies has shown his technical facility and polish in their highest estate. The horses are admirably modelled. The action is given not alone with feeling, but with that subtlety and delicacy of workmanship which means the fusing of an idea with the material elements of its expression. The draperies of the trumpeters are handled with abundant energy, with abundant swing, and yet they have, too, the delicacy, the fine quality, which we have noticed in the minuter details of the work about the animals. And the central figure, in the chariot, will be noticed for its crispness of outline, its sharp concise method of handling, as was required by the member of the composition most conspicuously silhouetted against the sky. The conclusion must be that Mr. Macmonnies has risen with adequacy to the necessities of the work demanded by the Park Commissioners. He is engaged upon other details of the scheme of decoration arranged for the arch. He is doing groups to be placed upon two of the side pedestals. When these are in place, when the quadriga has been erected above the centre of the arch, when the bronze eagles have been placed upon the columns at the Park entrance, which are a part of the effect contemplated in the whole architectural and sculptural adornment of that spot, the city of Brooklyn may congratulate itself upon having achieved a noble triumph of art.

Royal Cortissoz.

FROST.

It richly sparkles in the ruddy light,
  And jewels all the garden sad and drear;
Then, of a sudden, like the moonbeams bright,
  Dissolves and crumbles in day's golden cheer.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A PRACTICE MARCH IN TEXAS.

There is no question in my mind as to the utility of the practice march under absolute conditions such as are bound to occur in the field of war. There seems to be a great deal of question about it by the military authorities of New York State, but I think they are wrong. One week in the field under service conditions is worth five years in a drill-hall or a month in a post camp if the basic idea is to discover how efficient troops are. Soldiers can't be made in a house. Of course it is impossible to have troops, either regulars or volunteers, in the field all the time; but that they should be in the field under service conditions for a time in every year no one can doubt, without going contrary to all accepted conclusions of the greatest soldiers and to common-sense of the most common kind.

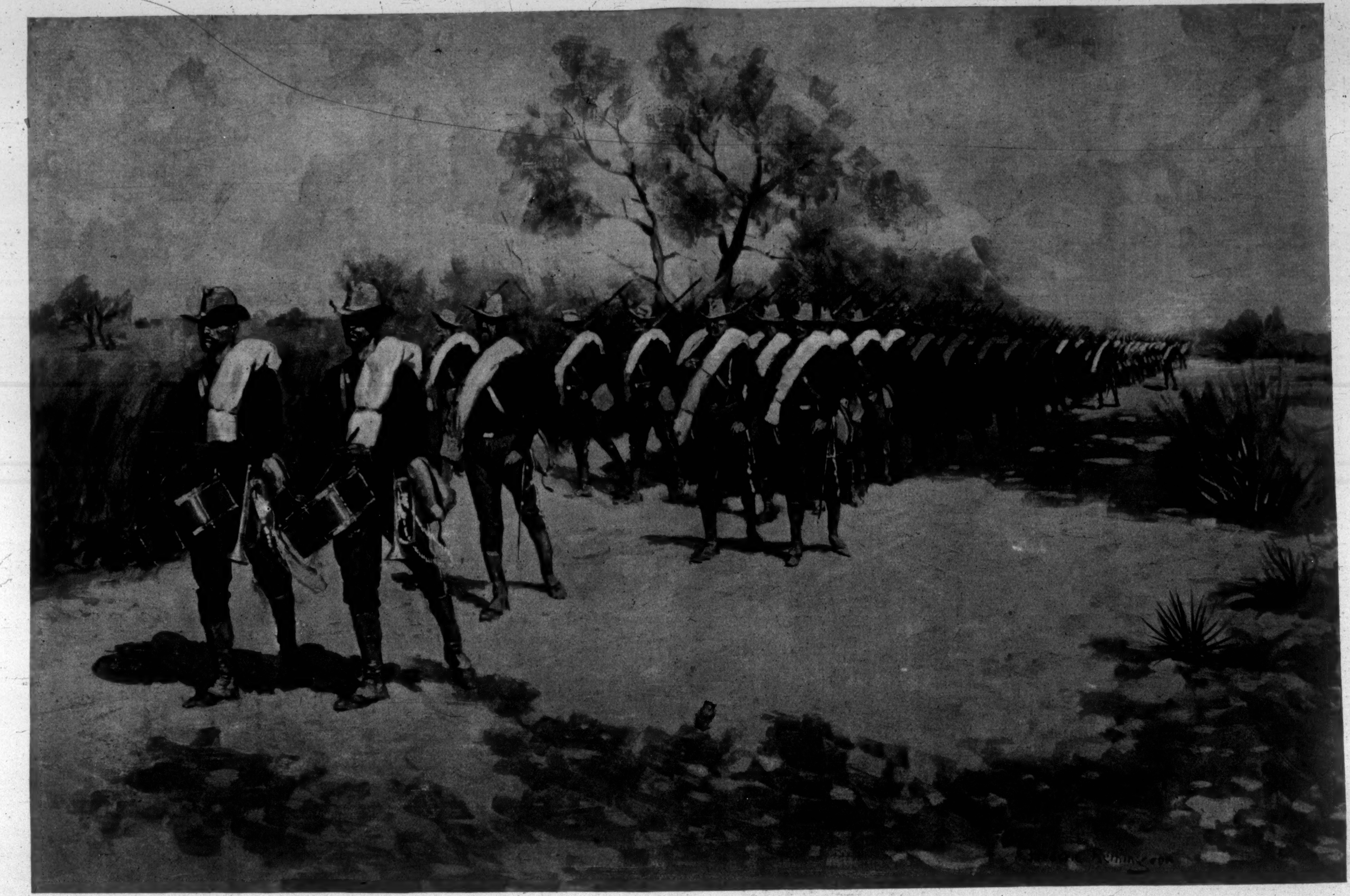
It costs the government no more to keep troops in the field in small bodies than to maintain them in garrison; it induces interest in the profession, gains them experience in taking care of themselves, and fits the soldier mind to the idea that he must be able to live in a state of nature, and not in a large hotel like a man with money and the gout. These practice marches are much indulged in nowadays by the regular troops. My illustration is of two companies of the Twenty-third Infantry, under Captain Lea Febiger, which marched from Fort Clark to the East Nueces River, in Texas, last October. Their orders were for the officers and men to carry the usual field equipment—heavy-marching order, excepting knapsacks. Three days' rations were carried by the men in haversacks, while the blanket-rolls contained change of under-clothing and shelter-tent. "The command not having transportation of any kind on the march, should it become necessary to communicate with the post for any purpose whatever, may do so by bicycles, the use of which on the march by enlisted men owning them is hereby authorized," say the orders. The report of Captain Febiger says: "Each officer and man carried three days' field rations, the fresh vegetable portion being optional, which in all cases was greatly reduced, and even more so on the second day out; haversack, canteen, and blanket-roll, the last consisting of one shelter half (new pattern) and pins, one blanket, change of under-clothing, blouse, (marched in flannel shirts), one pair of socks, towel, soap, etc., and the additional rations that the haversack would not hold (about one day's), and their respective arms and belts. The total weight of the pack averaged about forty pounds, when not wet, divided as follows: Haversack, packed, 6 pounds; canteen, filled, and cup, 4 pounds; cartridge-belt and ten rounds, 1¾ pounds; rifle, 9½ pounds; blanket-roll, 19 pounds. All officers and men did their own cooking in meat-ration can and cup.

"Four privates and one musician, with Corporal John Reeves in charge, constituted the bicycle corps, carrying their haversacks and blanket-rolls on the handle-bars, and rifles strapped to the frame. They constituted daily on the march the advance-guard, and were ready for use as messengers and couriers. Two of the machines, being second-hand, very old and worn, gave out on the march; the other four came successfully through, though not of the most expensive pattern." So much for bicycles.

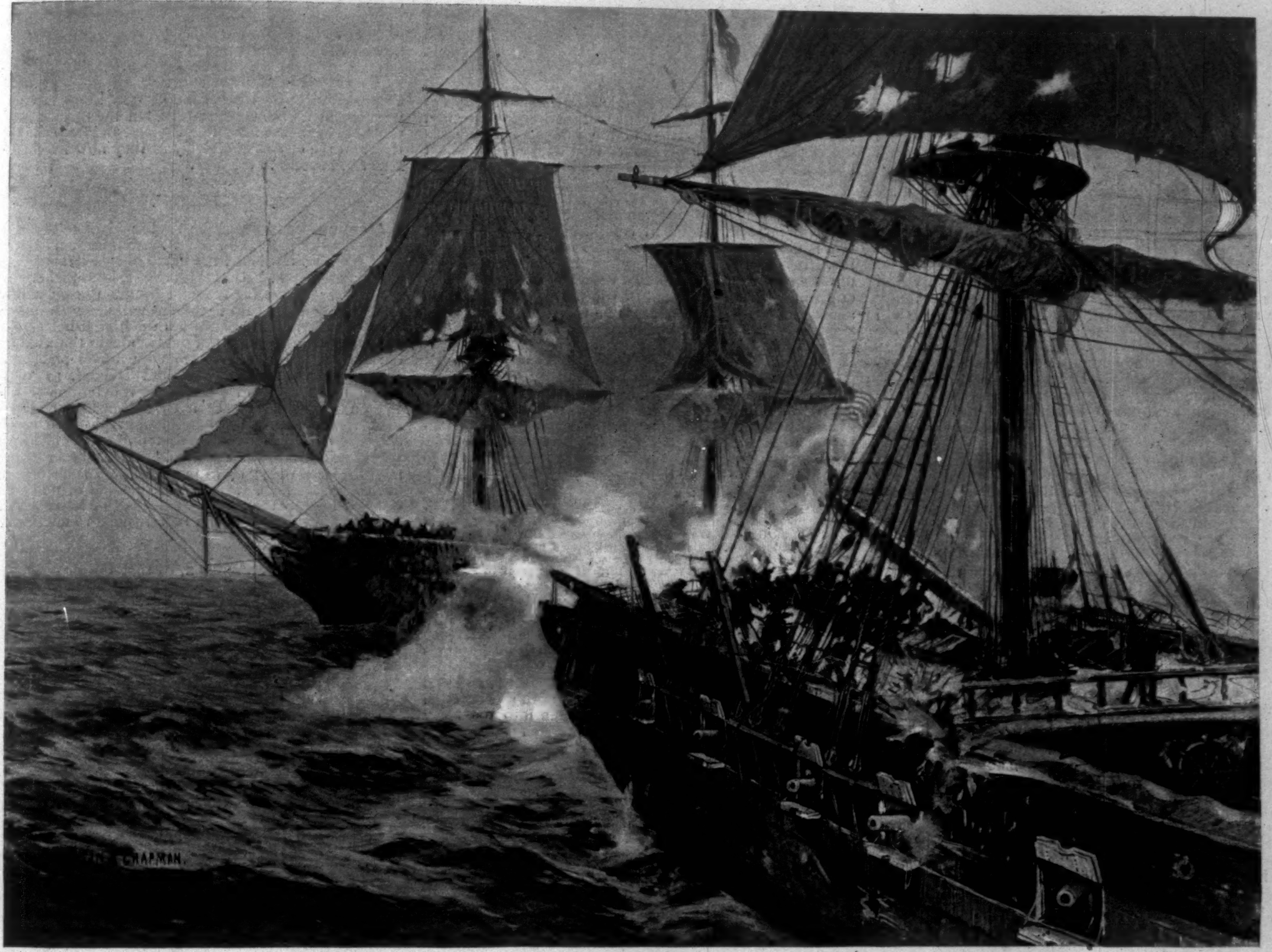
"There were numerous complaints of the government shoe, and they wore much worse than those purchased outside. The new shelter-tent with the elongated rear end was very satisfactory, except that it is far from rain-proof in anything like a heavy shower." Indeed, no tent is proof, for that matter.

"The haversacks were rendered completely unfit for garrison inspection purposes, on account of the grease from the bacon carried in them;" and in conclusion the captain says that "both officers and men appreciated and have been benefited by the experience."

Frederic Remington.



A PRACTICE MARCH IN TEXAS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 15.]



THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE "BOXER."—FROM A PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE "BOXER."

BY JAMES BARNES.

WILLIAM BURROWS was one of those men from whose early training and development of character great things might have been expected. He was born in 1785, near Philadelphia, and as a boy he had marked peculiarities that presaged somewhat the eccentricities that were shown by him in after-life.

His father was wealthy, and being a man of accomplished mind and polished manners, he determined to fit his son for no profession, but intended to give him the best education that could be had. But the boy seemed to show little desire to master that which would only fit him to enjoy the better a life of leisure. A desire for travel, a wild longing for the sea and for ships, manifested itself before he was twelve years old. He cherished a solitary independence of mind, and did not indulge in much of the playfulness or the pranks of boyhood.

At last, seeing that it was impossible to break him of his desire for a seafaring life, the whole course of his education was changed, and before he had trod the deck of a vessel he was instructed in naval science. This he took up with avidity, and the intense hatred for mathematics he had shown hitherto disappeared entirely. In November, 1799, a midshipman's warrant was procured for him, and the following January he joined the corvette *Portsmouth* and sailed for France. He served on board various ships of war, until 1803, when he was ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, under Commodore Preble. He distinguished himself in the Tripolitan war, and centred all his pride in becoming a thorough and accomplished sailor. Being mortified by the appointment of some junior officers over his own head he attempted to resign the service just previous to the outbreak of the second war with Great Britain; his resignation was not accepted. However, after much trouble, he received a furlough, and made a trip to China as first officer on board the merchant ship *Thomas Penrose*, which vessel he saved on one occasion by his masterly handling. What was his delight upon coming back to his country to find that his friends had been working for him, and that he had been appointed to the command of the brig *Enterprise*, sixteen guns, at Portsmouth. His character immediately underwent a change. He threw off the misanthropic manner and the morose feelings that had characterized him, and showed such knowledge and despatch in outfitting his little brig that she was probably as well equipped as any vessel of her tonnage in any service, and her crew as well trained.

On the 1st of September the *Enterprise* sailed from Portsmouth on a cruise to the southward. She encountered light weather and baffling winds, and saw no sail until early on the morning of the 5th, when a brig was espied inshore getting under way. For some time the *Enterprise* tacked to and fro, unable to ascertain the character of the stranger. But soon all doubts were put aside by seeing the brig display two flags, one at each masthead; and although some miles distant, she fired a gun, as if in challenge.

The *Enterprise* hauled up on the wind and stood out to sea, preparing for action. Then followed one of the strange circumstances which happened so often in those days. The wind died away, and for six hours or more the two enemies drifted about in a dead calm, watching each other through their glasses, and preparing for the conflict that would take place as soon as the breeze would enable them to lessen the distance between them.

At half past two in the afternoon it came, from the southwest, a light wind that gave the *Enterprise* the advantage of the weather-gage. It took only a few minutes to find out that, so far as sailing went, the two vessels were on equal terms, and at 3 P.M. Burrows shortened sail, squared his yards, and bore down before the wind. He hoisted an ensign at each of his mast-heads and another at the peak, firing a gun to answer the previous challenge of the morning. Then, in silence, the two vessels neared. Closer and closer they came without a shot being fired, the men at the guns being eager to commence, and the officers anxiously awaiting word from the young commander (Burrows was but twenty-eight), who was walking quickly to and fro alone on the quarter-deck.

When within half pistol-shot the Englishman came up into the wind and gave three cheers, immediately letting go his starboard broadside. The cheers and the broadside were returned, and the action at once became general.

Burrows had the opportunity for which he had been praying. He noticed that the training of his crew was showing to good effect; all the care and trouble he had taken was now being paid for.

He had turned to speak to Lieutenant McCall to attract attention to the way in which the enemy was being hulled, when a musket-ball struck him in the body, and he fell. McCall bent over him. "Don't take me below," he said, as he lay on the deck. "Never strike that flag."

Maybe the recollection of the words of the great Lawrence influenced him as he spoke. They brought a hammock from the nettings and placed it underneath his head, and McCall assumed the active command.

This had happened during the first eight minutes of the engagement, and so accurate was the gunnery of the Americans that the maintopmast and the topsail-yard of the Englishman were soon shot away, and a position gained on his starboard bow, whence a raking fire was kept up for some twelve minutes.

Suddenly it was noticed that the enemy was not replying, although the colors were still flying at the mast-heads.

McCall gave orders to cease firing, and then through the smoke came a hoarse voice hailing the American brig. "Cease firing there!" it said. "We have surrendered."

"Why don't you haul down your colors?" returned McCall through the trumpet.

"We can't, sir. They are nailed to the mast," was the reply.

A boat was lowered from the *Enterprise*, and McCall climbed to the deck of his late antagonist. She proved to be his Britannic Majesty's brig *Boxer*, fourteen guns, that a few hours before had been commanded by Samuel Blyth, a brave officer, who burned to distinguish himself, and had gone into action determined to follow the example of Sir Philip Vere Broke, and lead "a captured Yankee into Halifax Harbor"—so he had expressed himself. But he had not lived to see the outcome of the action. At the same time that Burrows fell on board the *Enterprise* Blyth was killed by a cannon-shot on the quarter-deck of the *Boxer*.

His first officer came back with Lieutenant McCall, and approached the wounded Burrows, who yet refused to be carried below. The doctor had pronounced that he had but a few hours at most to live.

When he received the sword of his enemy, he grasped it in both hands. "I am satisfied," he said; and soon afterwards he was covered with the flag below in his own cabin—"a smile on his lips," wrote one of the officers.

As usual, much controversy was excited in regard to the numbers of crew and armament of the two vessels.

Extracts from a letter from Commodore Hull to Commodore Bainbridge, dated September 10, 1813, is of great interest. He says:

> "I yesterday visited the two brigs, and was astonished to see the difference of injury sustained in the action. The *Enterprise* has but one 18-pound shot in her hull, one in her mainmast, and one in her foremast; her sails are much cut with grape-shot, but no injury was done by them.
>
> "The *Boxer* has eighteen or twenty 18-pound shot in her hull, most of them at the water's edge; several stands of grape-shot in her side, and such a quantity of smaller grape that I didn't undertake to count them. Her masts, sails, and spars are literally cut to pieces; several of her guns dismounted and unfit for service. To give an idea, I inform you that I counted in her mainmast alone three 18-pound shot-holes.
>
> "I find it impossible to get at the number killed, as no papers are found by which we can ascertain it. I, however, counted upwards of ninety hammocks that were in her nettings, besides several beds without hammocks. I have no doubt that she carried one hundred men on board."

The exact number on board the *Enterprise* was one hundred and two.

In addition to the particulars thus officially given, from other sources it was ascertained that the *Enterprise* rated as twelve guns, but carried sixteen, viz., fourteen 18-pound carronades and two long 9's; her officers and her crew consisted of one hundred and two persons, and her burden was about two hundred and sixty-five tons.

The *Boxer* rated as a 14-gun brig, but carried eighteen, disposed as follows: sixteen 18-pound carronades in her broadsides and two long 9's on deck. She was very heavily built, and was about three hundred tons in burden.

Soon after the arrival of the *Enterprise* and her prize at Portland the bodies of the two dead commanders were brought on shore in ten-oared barges rowed at minute strokes by masters of ships, and accompanied by a procession of almost all of the barges and boats in the harbor. Minute-guns were fired from the vessels, the same ceremony was performed over each body, and the procession moved through the streets, preceded by the selectmen and the municipal officers, and guarded by the crew of the *Enterprise*, all the officers of that vessel and of the *Boxer* acting as joint mourners.

It is a strange fact that Burrows had never been in a battle before, and that McCall, on whom had devolved the responsibility of command, had never previously heard the sound of a hostile shot.

The losses during the action were, as near as could be ascertained, as follows:

The *Boxer*, twenty-eight killed and fourteen wounded; and the *Enterprise*, one killed and thirteen wounded, three of whom afterwards died.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Christmas, 1895, will be long remembered, and with most un-Christmaslike associations. If any one could translate into foot-pounds the nervous energy that has been expended during the last fortnight in contemplation and discussion of our astonishing war scare and its consequences, what an imposing row of figures would result! Let us hope that we have thought and talked and gasped enough about it for the present, and may turn our minds with no sense of duty neglected to the consideration of milder and cheerfuler and more ordinary things. And while we are hoping let us hope that the extraordinary wear and tear that our intellectuals have undergone will finally be attended by some result proportionate to the energy expended. It is revolting to thrift to have one's spirit grievously stirred and not get some substantial results from the commotion. Discomposure, whether it is physical or mental, is a sort of discipline, and surely it is the part of a philosopher to desire when he has experienced discipline to gather the utmost fruits of it, and store them for his use. A very clever child may burn his fingers, but if he has in him the making of a wise child the smart will teach him to dread the fire. To suffer and not to grow strong is to be wasteful. Even if we suffer from some cause beyond our control it is still our business to get out of our losses just as many gains as they can be forced to give up. The losses attending our war scare—losses of confidence, of equanimity, of money—will be of an exceptional kind if those Americans who are wise enough cannot contrive to wring from them gains of knowledge and prudence in some degree comparable to their extent.

Amherst, Dartmouth, Hamilton, and Williams colleges and the University of Rochester have won their suit in the General Term against the Fayerweather executors for their shares as residuary legatees of the Fayerweather estate, as provided for in the tenth clause of the will. This tenth clause provided that all the colleges named in the ninth clause as receivers of specified legacies should share the residue of the estate equally between them, but a codicil revoked it and left the residue absolutely to the executors, who made a different distribution by a deed of gift. The court holds, on appeal, that the purpose of the codicil was merely to facilitate the execution of the testator's will, including the tenth clause, and that, notwithstanding the nominal revocation of the clause, it was still binding on the executors. By this decision fourteen colleges, including the five which sued, gain about $150,000 apiece, and five more gain $100,000 each. Yale was indifferent, as she was down for $150,000 whether the money was distributed by the tenth clause of the will or the executors' deed of gift. The city of New York loses by the decision, as the executors' deed of gift gave about a million dollars to New York institutions, including eleven hospitals, Barnard College, and the Cooper Union, whereas all New York gets out of the tenth clause of the will is $150,000 each for Columbia and the Union Seminary. Nevertheless, let justice be done. None of the money goes much amiss in either case.

A few years ago it was a common thing to hear the opinion expressed that there were too many small weak colleges in the country, and that it would be far better if people who had money to give for educational purposes would use it to strengthen the strong colleges instead of starting new ones or endowing second-rate institutions. There was some point to this criticism, and there may be some point to it still, but it is not so often heard now as it used to be. Such a large amount of money has been given to American colleges during the last decade that there actually seems to have been something like enough to go around. The biggest of the old colleges—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and others—have been so greatly enriched that their best friends cannot grudge the steady stream of gifts that has trickled into the coffers of the smaller ones. Besides that, new universities like Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Stanford, and Chicago have started out with such great endowments as to assure their development into universities of the first class. A few years ago some good friends of education would have regretted that the Fayerweather fortune should not have been concentrated on fewer recipients. As it is, that feeling has not found much expression. The present feeling is rather that we can afford to have a great many good colleges, some great and some small, and that to strengthen the lesser ones involves no sacrifice of the development of the greater.

Professor Von Holst's pronounced opinions on the position taken by the President in the Venezuela boundary dispute seem to have disturbed his fellow-teachers in the University of Chicago. They have felt it necessary to disclaim all share in his opinions. President Harper issued a statement of views in strong support of the President, in which many of the professors concurred, and Secretary Goodspeed stated that Professor Von Holst's opinion was diametrically opposed to the sentiment of both the faculty and students of the university. This action was taken to correct the impression that Professor Von Holst had spoken for the university. Dr. Von Holst spoke, of course, not as a professor, but as a historian. It was his reputation as a student of American history that made his opinion interesting, not his position as a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago.

How fixed and universal the habit of free speech is in this country appears and reappears at short intervals in the efforts of the secretaries of the army and navy to keep army and navy officers from talking and behaving as though they were free and independent citizens in civil life. It is felt in Washington, and felt on good grounds, that the duty of military and naval officers is to carry out the orders of their superiors without questioning or criticising them in public. But the habit of criticising our bosses in politics is so strong on all of us that it is not surprising that our brethren in the service find trouble in keeping out of it. A lot of naval officers got together the other day, to the scandal of their department, to discuss certain measures proposed to be taken against an impending bill for the reorganization of the navy which would be disadvantageous to some of them. Secretary Herbert thought it highly improper for naval officers to take action for or against any measure of Congress, and some agitation ensued, with promise of more to come. Admiral Meade criticised the administration last summer, and went on the retired list in consequence. Last week two retired naval officers were quoted in the newspapers as criticising the President's message. One of them explained and was exonerated. The other at this writing has not been heard of. Naval officers for some reason seem more subject to indiscretions of this sort than officers of the army, perhaps because they go about more, and are mixed up with more international complications, so that their talk is more apt to concern matters of international policy. It is a safe rule for every naval and military officer to remember that as long as he draws pay from the government he is part of it, and that in what he says and does about matters of public concern he represents the government, and that his opinions, being representative, are too important to be carelessly imparted.

The two Harvard graduates of less than twenty years standing who are most prominent in politics are ex-Governor Russell and Mr. Roosevelt. These two gentlemen expressed themselves in the *Century Magazine* for November as to the foreign policy of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt assailed what at that time impressed him as the timid foreign policy of the present Democratic administration. He thought:

> "We should build a first-class navy—a navy not of mere swift commerce-destroyers, but of powerful battle-ships. We should annex Hawaii immediately. We should inform Great Britain, with equal firmness and courtesy, that the United States cannot tolerate the aggrandizement of a European power on American soil, especially when such aggrandizement takes the form of an attempt to seize the mouths of the Orinoco."

Governor Russell deplored that "recently Republican leaders have revived a defeated and almost forgotten Jingoism, and proclaimed a policy of foreign interference and annexation." He believed in making Washington's parting advice about entangling alliances "and the proper assertion of the Monroe doctrine" the bulwark of national safety and honor. He protested against such a perversion of the Monroe doctrine as would force us into the petty foreign quarrels of the Central American and South American republics, and added:

> "For one, I believe it will take much more than the bluster of Jingoism to persuade the people that it is wise, safe, or patriotic to plunge our country into the maelstrom of international strife and ambition, and to abandon a course where we have found peace with honor, and have grown to be the most powerful, prosperous, and happy of the nations of the world."

Judging from the expression of the emotions excited in Cambridge by a recent message of President Cleveland, Mr. Russell comes very much nearer than Mr. Roosevelt to being a representative Harvard statesman.

The city and province of Van, in Turkish Armenia, are likely to be much indebted to an American lady, Dr. Grace Kimball, who is a physician attached to the American mission in the place. Ordinarily Van is a thriving town and district, and a sort of Oriental Birmingham, the centre of the cotton-goods industry of the region. The poverty and trade stagnation of the summer have terribly affected the place, and its population have been threatened with general starvation among other miseries of the hour. Dr. Kimball promptly organized a systematized labor bureau, collecting all orders for cotton goods that could be drummed up, and sparing no efforts to utilize the weavers of the vicinage. The bureau has succeeded remarkably, allowing for the wretched condition of the country and the prostration of such industries, and has even nearly paid its way up to the present time. Regular reports have been made to the Woman's Armenian Relief Fund in London. A principal market kept in touch is connected with the Sassun Commission at Moosh, a ten days' (or much longer) journey. It is stated, however, that Dr. Kimball's efforts naturally do but little in alleviating Van's sufferings.

E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO.

The State of Wisconsin, which may be presumed to lie within the bailiwick of a chronicler of things Chicagoan, has recently contributed not a little to the gayety of nations. A fierce attack has been made upon the State University and its president by a fame-seeking politician from the rural districts. The diatribe of this individual alleges that the university is an aristocratic institution, and that students have no show at all unless they belong to the Greek-letter societies. It is further charged that the fees of the several schools are prohibitive to the poor student, that the professors get too much pay for too little work, that the bulk of the instruction is done by cheap "fellows" getting their prentice-hand in, and that, crowning offence of all, President Adams is never visible to the awe-stricken students except when they catch glimpses of him in his carriage, attended by liveried menials. All this is very silly, and does not deserve serious attention, but it serves well to illustrate the peculiar difficulties under which the State universities in some of our crude Western commonwealths labor, and the fact that the institution which is supported by public taxation will always be at something of a disadvantage as compared with the institution supported by private endowment, and thus made independent of the clamor of the demagogue.

Chicago has been a little behind the rest of the country in the development of the jingo spirit, but is rapidly making up for lost time. Since President Cleveland's message furnished a pretext, war with England has been declared by most of our newspapers, and the venerable Joseph Medill alone has already outlined several plans of campaign. The pulpit does not allow itself to be outdone by the press, and a number of ministers of the gospel have expressed themselves upon the subject with more or less truculence. One of these divines is reported as saying that if the Monroe doctrine is not international law, "it should be made international law as far as we are concerned," which is as exquisite a *petitio principii* as one often hears; while another gentleman of the cloth (who is about to depart for India to lecture upon the blessings of Christian civilization) advises "immediate and thorough preparation" for war, and accords to the President what he evidently intends for the highest praise when he says that "if Mr. Cleveland lives long enough he will end where Mr. Blaine began." The fate of Chicago in case of war is eagerly discussed in the press, and attention is called to the fact that the city is already fortified on the lake side by the system of walls and turnstiles built by the Illinois Central Railroad. British tactics may know how to deal with commonplace fortifications, but the turnstiles would probably baffle the invading marines, and keep the foreign foe from the city as effectively as they now keep the citizens from access to the lake.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* has, from the borrowed plumage from two well-known New England families, fashioned the name of "William Crowninshield Saltonstall." Under this style, he says, among other things, "in the far future, through the growth of intelligence [some future Parkman] will know more than we do why the Almighty permitted the bigger-boned, slower-moving Saxon to practically exterminate the lively, mercurial Celt, and drive him from the broad plains to odd corners in Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland, where he is found to this day in patches." Whereupon a leading Boston Celt suggests that "if Mr. Saltonstall" had "bound his fevered head with a napkin of crushed ice before he sat down to indite his epistle, the probabilities are it would never have been written." And now a real Saltonstall declares that "there never was no such person" as W. C. S. Perhaps a general application of "napkins of crushed ice" to the "fevered heads" of letter-writers of high and low degree would be beneficial to mankind.

A statue of the late John Boyle O'Reilly is to be set up soon upon Boston Common, so that the presence of the poet will cheer his towns-people on their favorite public ground, and some may quote, as they gaze at this memorial, these lines from his poem "The Fame of the City":

> "And the townsmen said: 'To remotest times
> We shall shout our name and our greatness down!'
> The boast came true; but the famous town
> Had a lesson to learn when all was told;
> The nations that honored cared nought for its gold,
> Its skill they exceeded a hundred-fold;
> It had only been one of a thousand more
> Had the songs of the Poet been lost to its store."

An interesting man has lately died in Boston, Baron Nils Possi, a Swedish nobleman and military officer, who, coming to the city ten years ago, had succeeded in building up a fine gymnasium adapted to Swedish and other forms of gymnastics.

The aim of the gymnasium is to prepare teachers as well as to teach pupils. It has three departments—pedagogical, educational, and medico-gymnastic.

Since 1888 the Baron has given instruction to over three hundred Boston school-teachers.

W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The dove-cotes of the State University of California at Berkeley have been fluttered by the appearance of one of the women students in bloomers. Never before has the bloomer openly invaded the campus and the class-room, and this, its first appearance, has convulsed the college. Meanwhile the wearer of the obnoxious garment goes her way in unruffled indifference. She maintains that while other women develop eccentricities of taste in the wearing of tea-tray hats and balloon sleeves, her little vagary in the matter of trousers deserves to go unnoted. The advocates of the style she has adopted talk of forming a society, the members of which shall wear bloomers when and where they please. At the same time an anti-bloomer movement is on foot, which promises to be vigorously conducted and gain many followers. One of the active members of this crusade remarked recently that "there were many ladies in the university who couldn't wear bloomers," which shows that even college women have a sentiment about keeping the skeleton in the closet.

The selling of the Hope mansion in San Francisco marks the decline of another of the old Spanish-Californian families that were so interesting a feature of the California of the forty-niners. The Hope family has now but two representatives in the daughters of the late Don Juan Hope, who came to the Pacific coast in 1832. Hope was one of those keen Americans who, shrewdly seeing that the lands of the new country were of inestimable value, married an heiress of one of the old Spanish families, whose dower was that magnificent tract of country near Santa Barbara, subsequently known as the Hope Ranch. Here the American pioneer, transformed into Don Juan Hope, led the patriarchal life of a Spanish hildalgo—a life which has no counterpart in the history of this country. Many of the sharp Yankee skippers of those days of California's picturesque youth followed the example of Hope, married dark-eyed señoritas, who brought with them as dowries great tracts of fertile country, upon which their owners might ride for days without leaving their own land. Here they lived "like gods together, careless of mankind," surrounded by a numerous progeny, employing an army of peon servants, and from the shadow of their rose-wreathed balconies watching their cattle on a thousand hills. With the death of Don Juan Hope the great ranch was sold, bringing, it is said, the enormous price of $800,000.

The recent demonstration at Tacoma on the subject of Mr. Riggs's Chinamen proves that the spirit of the sand lot is still strong upon the Pacific slope. Tacoma, until the advent of Riggs, was sufficiently under the dominion of Denis Kearneyism to refuse admittance and work to the Chinese, and threaten to boycott those employing them. Mr. Riggs, a new-comer, imported two Chinese servants, and with their installation received commands from sand-lot headquarters to dismiss them himself, or, refusing that, to stand by and see them dealt with in the good old summary fashion of the last forty years. The new-comer rather dashed the spirit of the dictators by responding that he had no intention of parting with his Chinamen, and if they desired to force matters to an issue, to come on and try it; he and his Chinamen were ready to hold the fort against them. A reply of so unusual a tenor, backed by a quiet intimation that a fight to a finish was quite in Mr. Riggs's line, caused the bellicose aggressors to experience a sudden access of prudence. So far the new-comer and his domestics go their ways in peace.

G. M. B.

AMATEUR SPORT

ALL-AMERICA TEAM FOR 1895.

Brooke, Pennsylvania, full-back.
Thorne, Yale (captain), and C. Brewer, Harvard, half-backs.
Wyckoff, Cornell, quarter.
Bull, Pennsylvania, centre.
Wharton, Pennsylvania, and Riggs, Princeton, guards.
Murphy, Yale, and Lee, Princeton, tackles.
Gelbert, Pennsylvania, and Cabot, Harvard, ends.

SUBSTITUTES.

Woodruff, Pennsylvania, Beacham, Cornell, Chadwick, Yale, and Church, Princeton, in the line.
Minds, Pennsylvania, King, West Point, Fincke, Yale, and Writhington, Harvard, back of the line.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF '95 must be recorded as most satisfactory, despite the several sets of differing rules, despite the strained relations between Harvard and Yale on the one hand and Princeton and Pennsylvania on the other, which deprived us of two of the most interesting athletic contests of the year.

Much as we all regretted the non-meeting of these four universities, nevertheless it was gratifying to discover that our appetites were not lessened nor our sleep disturbed thereby. It was a salutary lesson, and one we needed. We had rather grown to the belief that without a Harvard-Yale game life would be intolerable. We Americans seem to have a remarkably resilient character, which enables us to sustain such afflictions with equanimity.

THE THREE PARTICULAR and pleasing features of the season which gratified all sportsmen were, first, more open play; second, less "roughing"; and third, marked improvement in the quality of game shown by what are known as the smaller colleges.

The two different sets of rules, of which Harvard, Penn., and Cornell fathered one, and Yale and Princeton the other, created less confusion than was at first thought they would. And this, too, goes to show the common-sense that is largely a component part of the average American character.

To have our football rules disrupted at the opening of the season by the five leading universities of the East was not comforting. But it did not disturb the average college undergraduate to a very great extent. Some colleges arrayed themselves on the side of Yale and Princeton, and others declared for the rules advanced by Harvard *et al.*, but the majority held to the rules of '94, which, with the exception of the flying wedge and momentum plays, were, taking all things into consideration, very excellent.

IN THE WEST THE '94 RULES were almost universally accepted, but in the East rule adoption depended more or less on the location of the colleges. Those that had their games with Yale and Princeton followed their rules, and the same was true of the college teams that played with the universities of the other side. When Harvard and Princeton came together a compromise was necessary, and the same was also true when Princeton and Cornell met. Of these compromise rules it may be said that they were quite the best of the year, and I shall fully expect in '96 to see all the universities agreed under some such legislation.

That it is harmful to football to continue two sets of rules is hardly worth arguing.

I am in hopes, before winter is over, that the universities, even though they still be unable to meet on the football field, will agree to sending delegates for a general football meeting, at which some one set of rules may be definitely settled upon and officially published next year. There have been some differences in connection with the printing of these official rules which have seemed altogether unworthy the men concerned. It is my private opinion that the old Association should be dissolved, and a convention of all the universities request the University Athletic Club to appoint a rules committee, which, in co-operation with the best informed alumni of the several colleges, would definitely settle the question of playing rules. This committee would, of course, be subject to annual change, but it certainly should be in existence, and with Walter Camp as its chairman, so long as he cares to serve.

Walter Camp has hitherto given official utterance to the American football rules, and the Messrs. Spalding have published them, and there is no just reason for changing the editor or publisher. No one is an abler football legislator than Walter Camp, and no man has a more thorough academic and practical knowledge of the game. I hope we have witnessed the last of unseemly diplomatic manipulations.

If Harvard and Yale cannot come together in football for another year, they certainly owe it to the game to meet harmoniously in the legislative hall, to discuss the rules in which they, as well as all of us, are interested. The same may be said of Princeton and Pennsylvania. There must be a convention of these universities, and I am trusting each college will appoint men whose sportsmanship will guarantee a discussion of these matters in the best interests of the game, rather than the institution of an elaborate process of "wire-pulling" in the effort to outvote one another.

(*Continued on page 21.*)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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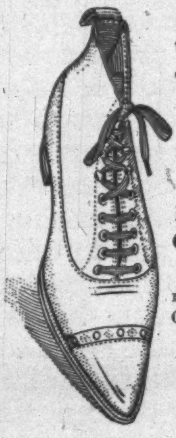

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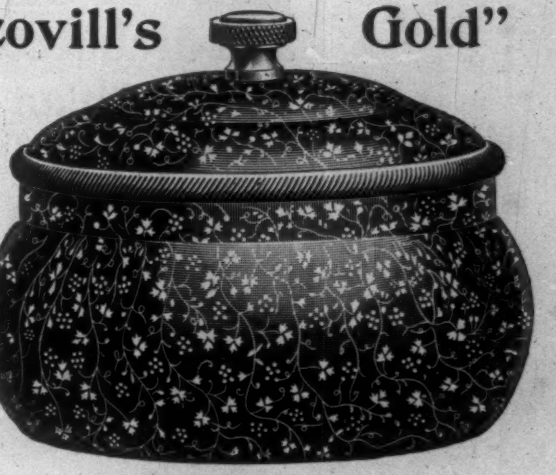

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❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

UNIMPORTANT ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧
❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ BUT INTERESTING

WE make the following statement of facts which are indisputable. At the World's Columbian Exposition, the Pabst Brewing Company received the highest award on its keg beers, the highest score on its bottled beer, the highest score on Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic. ❧ One of its products attained the 100 points of perfection, ❧ ❧ a marking higher than any product of any other brewery was accorded, which in itself is the supreme award. The line, "Supreme Award at the World's Fair," in our advertising ❧ is reiterated by every count and fortified by the incontrovertible facts in the case. Public appreciation, however, is the highest of all commendations, and this appreciation is attested by the fact that our sales of Pabst-Milwaukee exceed by 40 per cent the amount of beer sold by any similar institution in the world. ❧ We have also received this year at Munich, the gold medal and diploma of honor, which is a complete triumph for American beer in the very cradle of the art of brewing. ❧ ❧

PABST
B
TRADE MARK
MILWAUKEE

AMATEUR SPORT.—*(Continued from page 19.)*

WHILE THE OPEN GAME OF THE SEASON has not introduced plays that may be called remarkable, at the same time the general character of play has been along the line of improvement. There has been no retrogression in the football of '95. The quarter-back kick, though not precisely new, never before had such continuous exploitation. Cornell employed it a great deal, but although Wyckoff was exceedingly clever in getting the ball away, neither he nor any other quarter-back, outside of Williams of Penn., used this kick to its best advantage. In fact, Penn. was the only team to use it for its uttermost value. Most of the quarters sent the ball straight down the field, and I recall very few instances where any was able to put his men on-side. It seems to me it would take a deal more thinking than was evidently bestowed upon it to work out just how the quarter-back kick as played by the generality of universities was to operate to any very appreciable advantage for the team using it. It would take a pretty smart eleven to make any notable advance on a ball kicked straight ahead by the quarter. On the other hand, Penn.'s use of this kick was exceedingly clever, and every time resulted in considerable gain. Instead of sending it straight down the field, it was kicked far over to the side-line, and but a few yards in advance. With all the opponents rushing across the field the quarter-back easily put his men on-side, so that his end rusher could get the ball, with an excellent chance of gain before being stopped.

Moreover, Penn.'s interference this year was also cleverly planned, but required the most absolute precision to be effective. As it started, the idea was more one of slicing off the opponents than battering them, and unless it started instantly and went like lightning it was pretty sure to be inoperative. In fact, the style of game Penn. played this year, while being skilled to a degree, was of a character that demanded the utmost perfection in execution. Otherwise it became decidedly mediocre. That is why, when the Penn. team went stale, their play fell off so rapidly.

YALE DEVELOPED THE MOST SKILFUL KICKING GAME of the year, and it is on that account, if there were no other, that the New Haven team would be considered the leading one of '95.

Although Penn., in Brooke, has a man who in all departments of kicking excels any other individual in this country, yet the handling of kicks, the conception and carrying out of the kicking game, was perfected to such a degree of excellence by Yale as was not attained or approached by any other university in the country. The protection of its back on kicks; the system by which opponents' kicks were blocked—all were highly ingenious. Aside from this, Yale developed at least one very skilful play, for which I can find no better name than "the revolving tandem," and which consisted of the concentration of several players on one point of the opposing line, towards which they whirled in single file. It was a hard play to stop, and a scoring one.

Princeton succeeded, as it usually does, in developing an exceptionally strong defensive game. Its line was unquestionably the strongest of the year. The team revealed one or two variations of the old "tandem" play which were strong, and almost invariably resulted in gains. But seldom has a Princeton team or any other of our larger elevens shown so few offensive plays in big games. They were not necessary against Harvard, for there it became a matter of simply gaining on Harvard's weakness and blocked kicks, but in the Yale game a diversity of offensive play would have netted good results for the orange and black.

These tandem variations were well backed up and strongly executed, but naturally, after a constant repetition, became more or less simple for Yale to stop.

HARVARD'S FOOTBALL CAREER OF '95 has been so curious that it is rather difficult to diagnose. It began the season with probably the best material, next to Penn., of any one of the universities, and for the first few weeks with considerable promise. In fact, Harvard had the material and the opportunity this year to have certainly beaten Princeton, and as certainly to have defeated Pennsylvania, in the condition in which the Penn. team was Thanksgiving. It is simply another instance of wasted opportunity—a too frequent verdict upon the termination of Harvard's athletic year.

Through the most important period of Harvard's practice season there appeared little united or well-directed action among the coachers. It was not until the last couple of weeks that Mr. Deland was appointed head coach, and though he succeeded in doing a great deal, yet the season was too far spent to inculcate elementary principles which should have been taught at the very beginning of the year. But for incompetent officials and impaired condition of her men, Penn. would have beaten Harvard by a dozen more points than she did. Nevertheless, that game was the most satisfactory one of Harvard's entire year—and because it showed the crimson could play losing football without going to pieces, and could show that "do-or-die" spirit of which there has been so slight an exhibition in recent years, that we had almost grown to doubt whether it existed at Cambridge.

Mr. Deland has already been appointed the head coach for next year. It would be better for Harvard if Mr. Deland's football genius could be used as the powerful auxiliary it is; that he might be spared the laborious work of drilling the team in elementary football, and all his skill directed to organization and strategic evolution.

It is not very creditable to Harvard's old football-players that no one of them with sufficient loyalty to his *alma mater* is forth-coming to assume the responsibilities of head coach. Harvard is thus of necessity obliged to turn to Mr. Deland, and is very fortunate in that Mr. Deland is sufficiently enthusiastic to be willing to give his time to the development of Harvard's football.

CORNELL'S SEASON DOES NOT SHOW the number of victories merited by the hard work of the men. They began the season with a very limited number of candidates, and with few exceptions none of these developed more than an ordinary degree of skill, and all of them were light in weight. In fact, the Cornell team of this year was, I believe, the lightest in its history; certainly it was the lightest of any of the larger universities. It was very largely by reason of that lightness they were so overwhelmingly defeated by Penn. Not that I mean to infer weight would have changed the result, for Penn., as an exponent of football science, outclassed Cornell, but I believe the score would have been some dozen or fifteen points less had not the field been so very muddy, which, of course, always operates tellingly against a light team when opposed to one as much heavier as Penn. was than Cornell.

But winning games is by no means the whole nor the highest measure of a team's success.

Though Cornell's season's score does not show the proportions they would probably like, yet the university has every reason to be thoroughly satisfied with the showing of its eleven. It was a team composed of representative Cornell students, and it played pluckily against many disadvantages throughout its schedule. It played good, clean football, and it played hard and generously. If that is not a large measure of success in sport I do not know what is.

THE UMPIRING OF THE SEASON, generally speaking, showed very little improvement, if any, over last year, yet, notwithstanding that fact, there was a great deal less "roughing." In what are known as the large games—that is, those between the leading universities, there were no instances of unnecessary roughness, and only one case of "slugging." Rosengarten of Princeton has the unenviable distinction of being the only man from the larger universities ruled off the field for "slugging."

Fearlessness and intelligence seem to be rather a difficult combination to find in one umpire. That is one reason why the work of Dr. Paul Dashiell was such a relief and a satisfaction. But that is not the only reason why Dashiell's official connection with the football season of '95 will always be remembered with extreme gratification. He not only knows the rules of football and interprets them like an intelligent man, but enforces them strictly and impartially. When that "rules committee" is a fact it might well include within its jurisdiction the appointment of official umpires for the important games, and if it were possible it would indeed be advantageous to American football if such a man as Dr. Dashiell could be employed for all impartant games during the season.

THE MOST SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE of the lessening of unnecessary "roughness" was furnished by the West. There is yet altogether too much of it, and very much more than there is in the East, but the improvement was so great that it gives hope for still better results the coming year.

On its first Western introduction football resulted in some exceedingly "rough" play, and had there been less merit in the game there is little doubt the disgusting exhibitions of brutality would have ostracized it from universities and schools. Another sport would have been killed beyond the possibility of resurrection by such evidences of hoodlumism.

This last year the improvement has been so great I am pleased to commend it publicly. And this has been due, first, to that common-sense which the average Western man has to a very generous extent; and again, to the efforts of individual sportsmen who have filled the post of umpire, with much discomfort to themselves, and because of their interest in the good cause. One of these was Bert Alward, Harvard's one-time famous tackle. His official connection with the game in and about Chicago resulted most beneficially. The scarcity of good umpires in the West very largely operates to the slow expurgation of the "slugger." But the "slugger" is gradually losing his identity, just as the "ringer" and the "collecting agent" and all the other undesirable creatures of football are going.

THE END OF NO RECENT YEAR, in fact, has found me so well pleased with the condition of amateur sport and its immediate prospects. This may read strange to those who instantly think of the strained relations between Harvard and Yale, and Princeton and Pennsylvania, of the differences between the N. Y. A. C. and the A. A. U., and the rather low state to which club competitive football and athletics have sunk. But therein is my very source of gratification.

The difficulty between Harvard and Yale I look upon as a blessing in disguise. Likewise that between Princeton and Pennsylvania. For I feel that the differences of these four universities, and all that led up to them, will do more than all legislation to place football and sport generally in its proper sphere at the several universities. I believe it all will lessen the frenzy of winning, it will take some of the importance out of football, and dissolve much of the business atmosphere.

As for the differences between the A.A.U. and the N.Y.A.C., we have needed an explosion in track athletics for some years. We have needed an exposé of the vicious methods which have obtained in the gathering and maintenance of track athletes. We had not reached so corrupt a state as exists in England, but it was sufficiently corrupt to stir all the sportsmen in the country, and now we shall look for a cleansing and eventual settlement on a more healthful basis. Club football, I think, is just about nearing the explosive point. It has been gradually accumulating steam, and I expect to see the safety-valve blown off shortly and club football go the same way that club baseball went a few years ago.

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB was the first in this vicinity to put forth a football eleven, and until last year its team was representative of its club, and its players unquestioned amateurs and gentlemen. But this year, in conjunction with the Orange Athletic Club team, it lost its claim to the class of either gentlemen or amateurs—*i.e.*, of course, I speak of it as a whole. There were, I am glad to say, a few gentlemen and a few amateurs still wearing the uniform of both clubs. Even a club of such high standing as the Boston Athletic Association could not resist the temptation of introducing "ringers" on their eleven, playing two men that were not members. What a pity such old clubs as the Boston A. A. and Crescent A.A. should lose caste! Are we to understand, then, that gentlemen no longer are in the majority on the membership roll?

In the West, at Pittsburg, the Duquesne Athletic Club, and the Chicago Athletic Association at Chicago, followed in the footsteps of their Eastern prototypes. At Chicago they paid Stevenson $600 to play centre, and for the final game against the Boston Athletic Club brought Heffelfinger down from St. Paul.

STILL FARTHER WEST, on the Pacific coast, the Reliance and Olympic athletic clubs have furnished considerable cause for criticism. All these methods are exceedingly harmful to the game, and very short-sighted policy, because if there is no attempt made to develop material in the club itself, and the *personnel* of the team is represented by many different institutions and as many different sections, it very shortly becomes a question of dollars and cents and hustling collecting agents. If this sort of thing continues it will not be long before the club which has the largest bank account will have the best team—of professionals. Of course it is a farce to call this sort of an aggregation "amateur," and it is disgraceful that a club which is supported by supposedly respectable citizens should permit such scandalous conduct. It is plain, unadulterated dishonesty. Curious how morally lax some people grow!

None of this is pleasing to contemplate, and there seems little comfort in it for the sportsman; but, as I said, I feel that the end is very near in this club defiance of the ethics of sport.

We Americans are rather patient and long-suffering, but the day of retribution is only delayed, not lost sight of; and when it does come, that same patient, long-suffering American does not stop until his job is thoroughly done.

NOT THE LEAST GRATIFYING RESULT of the year has been the improved quality of play in the smaller teams. Never before have Yale and Princeton not won all their games from these smaller teams. By smaller is meant, of course, all the teams that are taken in as preliminary practice, and that are not included among the four or five larger universities. Yet this very same improvement has been exaggerated by the superficial observer and those who reckon by comparison of score. Every student of football ought to be aware that scores count for little in the comparison of teams, and never was there a year when that comparison counted for less than in '95. There are many different things taken into consideration in the diagnosis of a large team's play throughout the season that escape certainly a majority of the spectators. In the first place, if one proposes to watch with intelligence a particular team's course, it is necessary to understand the schedule, and carefully to study the development of the university's team through its various preparatory games in relation to the big games that are to come. Without an understanding of all these matters the studying of scores is absolutely futile.

A university's team, of course, considers these small games as practice, and each, as a rule, is taken on as a developer of certain plays or certain combinations, all of which are timed to the subsequent big games.

NO MORE STRIKING ILLUSTRATION of this can be instanced than the Yale team this year. Yale had but one big game, and it was her policy to put the team through a gradual but thorough drilling in elementary principles.

It would be absurd to compare the Yale team, when it had reached its highest development, with the Brown team, which played them a tie game only two weeks within the end of the season. When Brown met Yale it played the finest football of which it was possible, while Yale was regarding the Brown team as good and hard practice, but did not bring to bear all the skill and strategy it used against Princeton. As a matter of fact, at the time it met Brown it did not have that skill and strategy to utilize, nor did it expect to have it. This is not written in any spirit to belittle at all Brown's splendid showing, but merely to explain somewhat the fallacy of judging the merits of a large team at the end of the season by the scores it has made throughout its period of practice. This is so well known to football men that it appears almost absurd to print it, but there seems to be such general ignorance on the subject among spectators, and as well as among some of the papers that take scores as a final authority, that this must be my excuse for dealing in football platitudes.

THAT THE SMALLER TEAMS HAVE ADVANCED tremendously in the science of football is indisputable. Brown played excellent football throughout the entire season, and had one of the best teams in its history. Some of its men, notably Robinson, the half-back, and Murphy and Smith of the forwards, were not very far below 'varsity form. I should speak of Smith with very much greater pleasure if he had not evidenced such a tendency to unnecessary roughness. It is a shame when so good a player mars his work by unsportsmanlike methods.

Lafayette finished one of the best seasons in its football career. It won six of the eight games played, and was beaten only by Princeton and Penn., while the victory over Cornell by a score of 6-0 was an exceedingly creditable one.

But the most gratifying showing of the year was made by the two national cadet elevens of West Point and Annapolis. Annapolis is, by reason of its geographical location, at a great disadvantage in its practice and in securing games with any of the larger teams. It has had rather a light team, but no other in its career has reached such a degree of excellence. It has played with snap and precision, and the same heady determination that won for it against West Point in '93. It is impossible to make any accurate comparison of the strength of its eleven, because most of its games were with teams that did not meet any of the larger universities. But the fact that it beat the Carlisle Indian School 34-0, whereas Penn. had beaten the same team by 36-0, and Yale had beaten the Indians 18-0, gives at least an idea of the Naval Cadets' good play.

West Point's record for this season is highly creditable to the academy. It lost to Harvard by 0-4, to Yale by 8-28, and it won from Brown by 26-0, and from Dartmouth by 6-0. In fact, the only teams that scored on West Point were Yale and Harvard, though it did not meet either Princeton or Cornell. It is greatly to be regretted the elevens of these two national academies are not permitted an annual game, for no other institutions in the United States more thoroughly demonstrate the *mens sana in corpore sano* in college sport than these two.

I cannot miss the opportunity of again saying all honor to the cadets, for in six years they have developed their game to the rank of "first-class." Without gate money, without losing any time from prescribed academic work, without a suspicion of offering inducements to players to "take a course" at the academy, they play a clean, gen-

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tlemanly, forceful game, and their record is an object-lesson in honest, manly, strenuous sport for sport's sake.

COMPARING THE LEADING TEAMS of the year, I should place them Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Harvard, West Point, Brown, Cornell, Lafayette, and Dartmouth.

I place Brown above Cornell in face of the fact that Cornell beat Brown 6–4, because I consider its work for the season superior.

Despite the fact that Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Pennsylvania did not meet, choosing an All-America Eleven for '95 is the easiest of any of the last three years, with the exception of selecting guards and quarter. Although there has not been the inter-'varsity test that would give us an absolute basis for comparison, yet there was sufficient play to reveal the superiority of certain individuals.

Of course this making up on an All-America Team is mostly for the gratification of those who have followed the different teams and their games constantly throughout the season. And it is chosen with an idea of putting forth the best eleven men, who, under coaching, would make the strongest all-round combination.

THERE IS NO DIFFICULTY in choosing a full-back. Brooke is unquestionably entitled to that distinction for his marvellous kicking, which includes proficiency in every department of that game, his line-bucking, and his running through a broken field. Not since Butterworth has another such all-round full-back been developed, and although Brooke excels Butterworth in drop-kicking, their punting is about even, and Butterworth is superior in advancing the ball.

Of the other full-backs of the year, King of West Point and Jerrems of Yale are worthy of remark. King's punting is very little short of Brooke's, and his ability to run the ball of a high order. Jerrems made an excellent record, and is a reliable and valuable man. Brewer of Harvard did some splendid work this season in advancing the ball, and also in punting, but failed signally in goal-kicking. Baird, Princeton, made an excellent record for his first season, and should develop into a first-class full-back.

Of half-backs Thorne is unquestionably the first of the year, and is, besides, the best all-round man behind the line that has been developed in American football. His kicking, his tackling, his line-bucking, and his generalship entitle him unquestionably to the first choice of half-back, as well as captain of the All-America Team. My choice for the other half-back is Charlie Brewer, who, though with a tendency to play a star game, is nevertheless a valuable ground-gainer, and a punter whose ability is very little below Brooke's. Of the other half-backs, Minds showed such ability in the Cornell game as would make us wonder why he has not been played there constantly, instead of at tackle. He is a very strong line-bucker and a certain tackler, and if there were not such extraordinary men as Brewer and Thorne ahead of him, he would undoubtedly find a regular place on the All-America Team. Wrightington of Harvard is another half-back of such skill as ordinarily commands a place on the national eleven. He is a heady player, a good tackler, and a strong ground-gainer. De Witt of Yale is a half of the first class, though decidedly eclipsed by being in such brilliant company. He starts fast, hits the line hard, and is a good defensive player. Hayes and Gonterman of Harvard are worthy of mention, and so also is Robinson of Brown. Jack Fairchild has not done himself justice in the little opportunity he has had to do anything. Princeton's backs are of not so high a quality as those of any of the other large institutions. Armstrong gave much promise, but failed to fulfil it, and Rosengarten, although a first-class back, is not the equal of any of the others that I have mentioned.

THERE ARE THREE HIGH-CLASS CANDIDATES for the position of quarter-back—Wyckoff, Fincke, and Williams—and the first two have shown that there is very little choice between them. Wyckoff is a steady as well as a brilliant player, and got into more plays than any other quarter this year. His work showed particularly because he was behind such a weak line, and that he played so consistently under these circumstances is my reason for choosing him. He is a good general, and to him more than to any other is due what success Cornell attained. I should not only choose him as quarter, but rely on him for captain in case of Thorne's retirement. Fincke has played a flawless game, and is weak in no single department of his position. His passing has been accurate and fast, and he is probably the safest man in the country for playing back when his team is on the defensive. Williams is very little inferior to either of these men, though because he was overworked he has not done himself justice this year.

All-America Team comment to be concluded next week.

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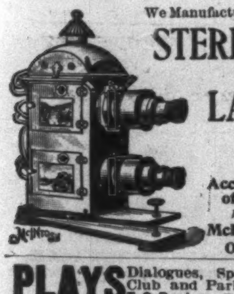

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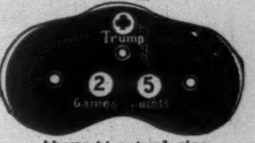

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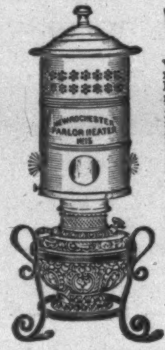

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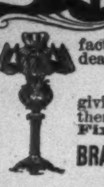

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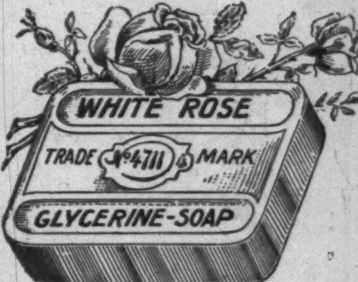

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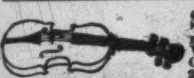

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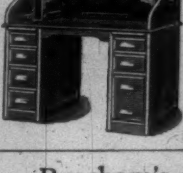

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